

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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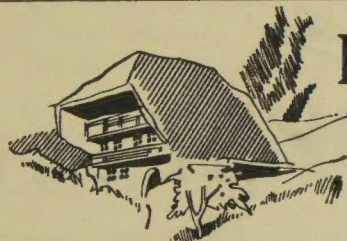


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*River Neckar* *River Danube*

Enquiries and leaflets from: Badischer Fremdenverkehrsverband, Freiburg/Breisgau  
Nordbadischer Fremdenverkehrsverband, Heidelberg  
Landesverkehrsverband Württemberg, Stuttgart

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Modern underwater treatment



Information from: Landesfremdenverkehrsverband Bayern, MÜNCHEN, Sonnenstraße 24

### Berchtesgadener Land with lake Koenigsee

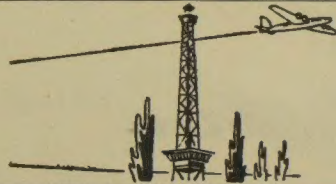
alpine highways and mountain railways. Information from: Kurdirektion Berchtesgaden

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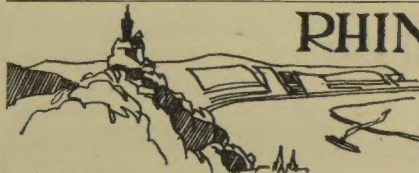
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An enduring monument to a love of art and love of life  
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Information and leaflets from: Landesverkehrsverband Rheinland/Pfalz, Koblenz.

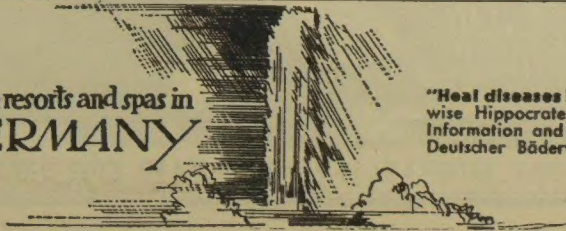
### Bad Neuenahr

in the romantic Ahr Valley  
near the Federal Capital Bonn.

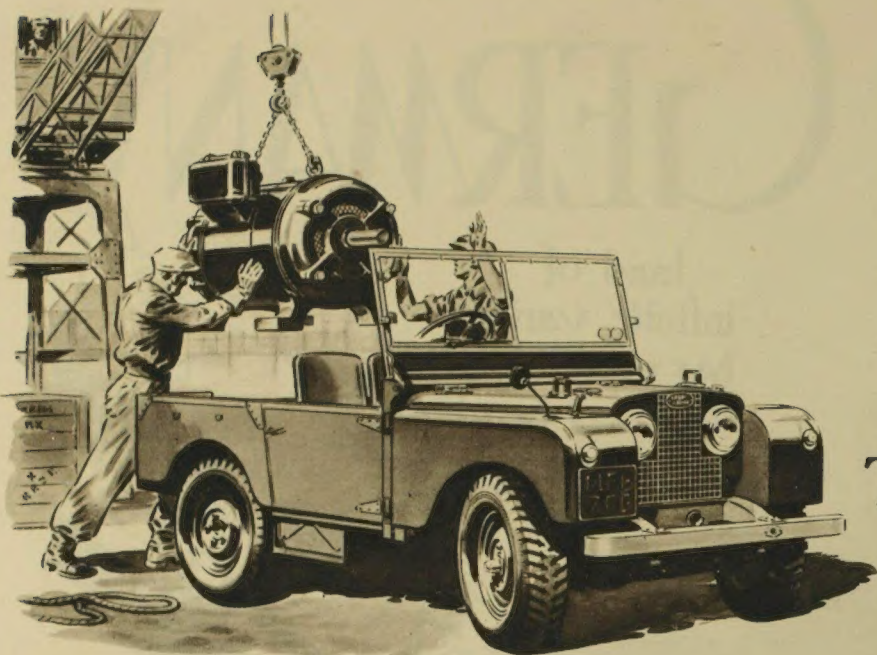
Mineral springs for diabetes — gout — bilious liver — stomach — bowel — kidney complaints and bladder troubles — diseases of the heart and blood circulation disorders.

## Health resorts and spas in GERMANY

"Heal diseases Nature's way,"  
wise Hippocrates used to say  
Information and literature from  
Deutscher Bäderverband, Bonn.







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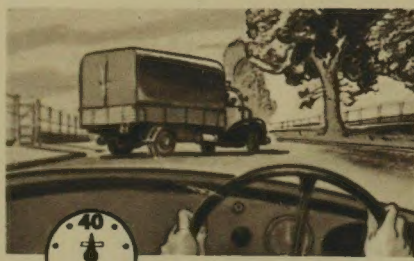


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As any good brake drum will tell you, there are times when things get pretty hot. 300° centigrade hot! So, as you can well imagine, a brake lining which continues to be pressed against a drum throbbing with such vicious heat will sometimes fade or lose efficiency. Ferodo Limited with their enthusiasm for research and testing by scientists and specially trained technical staff, produce anti-fade brake linings that will give you safer, smoother, more efficient braking for present day, hectic motoring. Your guarantee that genuine Ferodo anti-fade linings have been fitted is the orange and black label which the garage will attach to your steering wheel after a re-line.

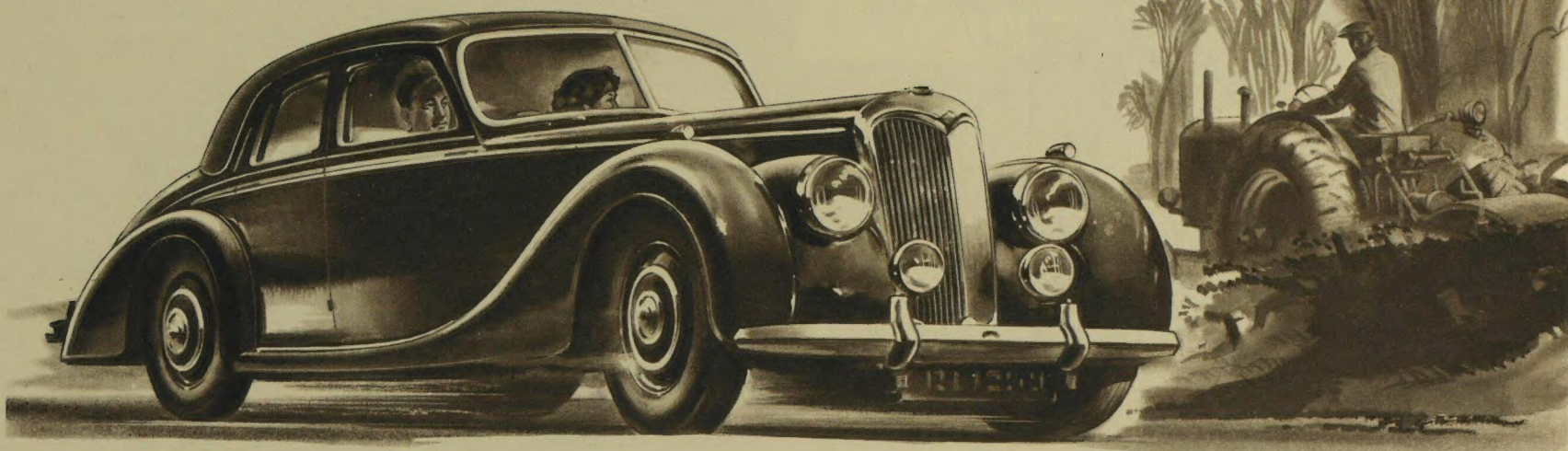
*\* When did you last have your brakes tested?*

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When a re-line is necessary — insist on  
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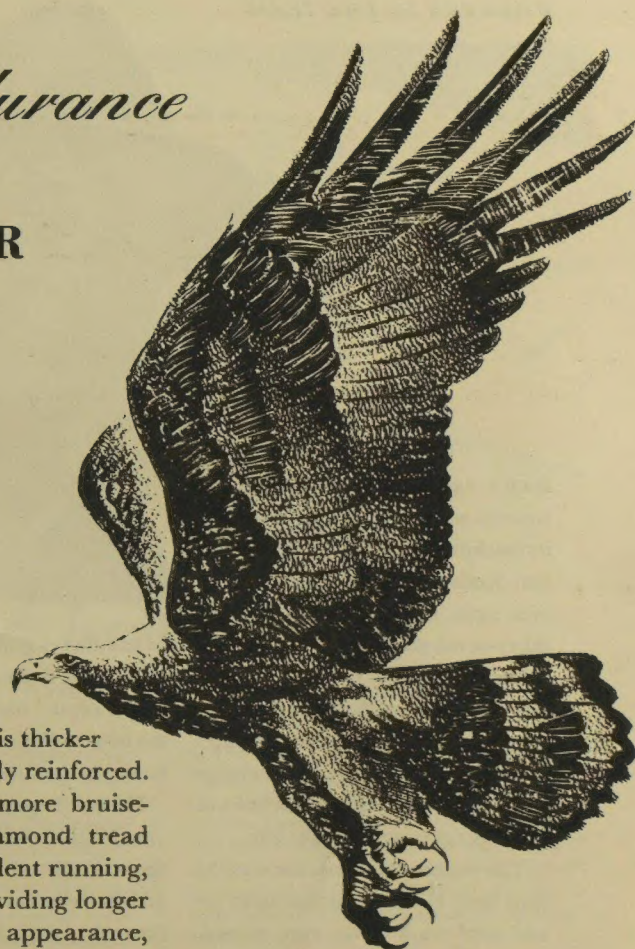
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Information from: ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT), 201, Regent Street, London W.1.  
ENTE PROVINCIALE TURISMO, Imperia AZIENDA AUTONOMA DI SOGGIORNO, San, Remo  
and all Travel Agencies.

#### WORKERS IN THE TEAM

Number 1 in a series



MANY PEOPLE up and down the country will recognise this face with its twinkling eyes, and the battered old hat. Some have known Mark Ferris ever since he joined the company, thirty-seven years ago.

His tremendous energy, and his way of inspiring enthusiasm in others, were noticed. He was soon a ganger, and then a walking ganger in charge of a number of gangs—sometimes as many as 1,000 men—under him.

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Building and Civil Engineering Contractors  
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ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR  
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▼  
JUNE 10-25  
(Except Sundays)

**GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.1**

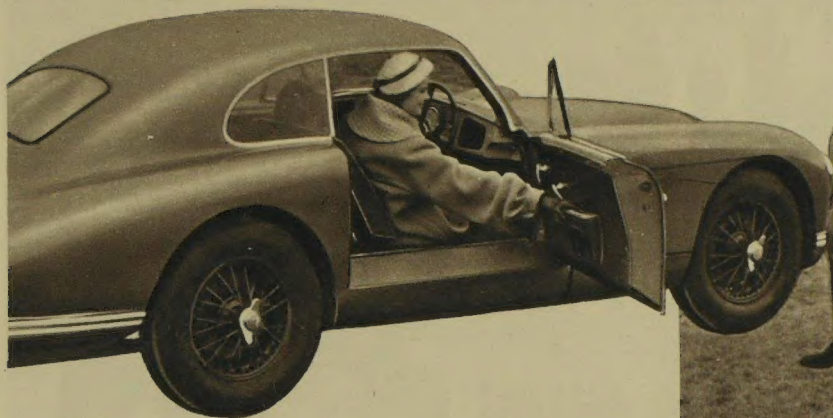
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Miss June Burt wants to know what it is like to drive a really fast, really luxurious sports car and here she begins to learn: On the open road the car's performance is astonishing. At speed it is silent, safe and as comfortable as a luxury car should be. One cruises at 80 m.p.h., corners with ease, accelerates to well beyond the 100 m.p.h. mark and brakes with certainty.



HAT BY WADGE CHARD. SUIT AND COAT BY JACQMAR



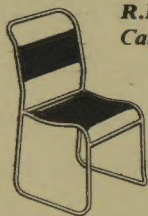
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A LOVELY  
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EVERY HALL NEEDS

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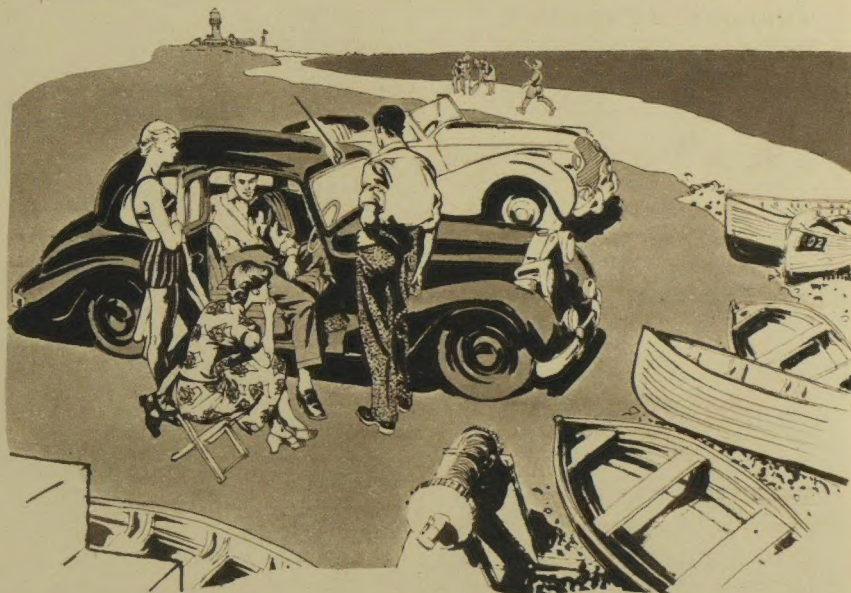
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TRW/vii 103



## Which family has taken the Test Match to the sea-side?

Of course, it's the one with the aerial on their car—the aerial of an 'H.M.V.' car radio. While the youngsters play their own game of cricket on the sand Dad is enjoying the drama of the Test Match, brought vividly to life by the B.B.C. commentators. Wherever they motor, this family with the 'H.M.V.' car radio take with them the major news events of the year—in sport, in entertainment,

and (in this Coronation year especially) in the living history of Britain.

Car radio quiets restless children, shortens tedious journeys, makes driving pleasanter and safer.\* The car radio that the makers of 24 famous British cars exclusively fit and recommend is 'H.M.V.' Why not talk to your Radiomobile dealer about an 'H.M.V.' radio for your car?

\* Boredom, as well as distraction, can divert attention from the road.

**"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" CAR RADIO**

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# Radiomobile

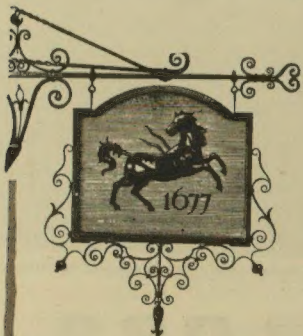
S. SMITH & SONS (RADIOMOBILE) LIMITED, GOODWOOD WORKS, NORTH CIRCULAR RD., LONDON, N.W.2.



## Mr. Pepys sees The Coronation

JUNE 2nd, 1953

Up betimes to don new wig and hose in honour of this so great occasion. Every manner of people in the streets this day yet but one emotion manifest in the gait and features of all, an affectionate but reverent joy fixed on the person of their Queen. Payed 5s. to a street trader for an orange box and from this mercantile eminence did survey the passing show as from a grand stand. Never was money put to better account. So many jewels and ornaments of every land, yet did our Queen outshine them all in majesty. And so to bed—to dream upon this new Elizabethan age



With apologies to Mr. Pepys, who in the reign of Charles II was a customer of Humphrey Stokes the goldsmith at the sign of the Black Horse in Lombard Street, where now stands the Head Office of Lloyds Bank.

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MEMORIAL THEATRE  
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Practical tribute,  
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... likewise in  
insurance, is the service  
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LIGHTHEARTED  
AS LAUGHTER...



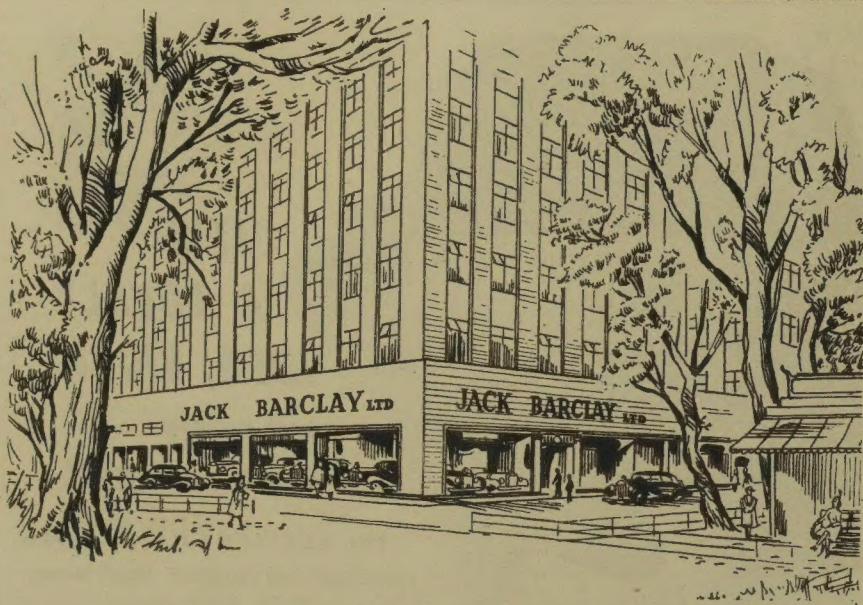
*Le Muguet du Bonheur*  
THE LATEST CREATION

UN PARFUM DE **CARON**  
DE PARIS



Created, sealed and  
packed in France,  
100% Parisian.

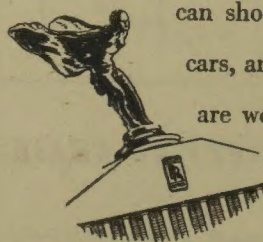
Les Parfums Caron: BELLODZIA • LA NUIT  
DE NOËL • LE NARCISSE NOIR • TABAC BLOND  
FRENCH CAN-CAN • FLEURS DE ROCAILLE etc.



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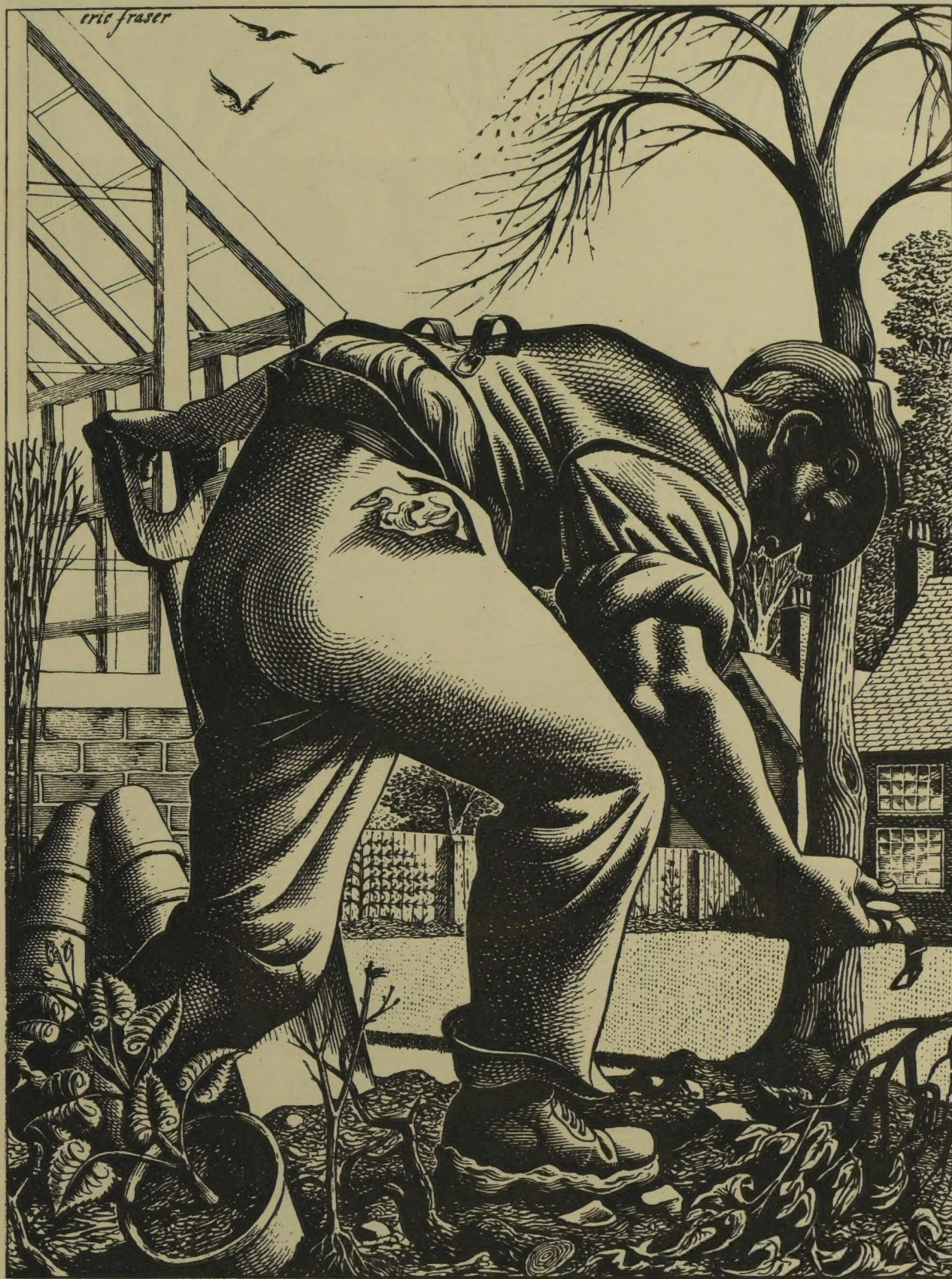


MAYFAIR 7444

Service Works: Liberty 7222.



# Four years buried★



*"He saw something glitter in the earth; he stooped and picked it up"*



## ROLEX

*A landmark in the history of Time measurement*

### FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, and the name and address of your nearest Rolex dealer, write to the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

**E**VEN in 1945, when the war in Europe had ended, flying had its hazards. Flight-Lieutenant Bolton learnt this only too well; it was May 13th when he had to crash-land in the South of England, and was badly injured. His aircraft, a Typhoon, was completely wrecked, and — a more personal tragedy — his Rolex Oyster disappeared.

Later, when he recovered, he made a few wry enquiries of the police; but of course, the watch had gone.

Four years passed; in fact, it was almost exactly four years to the day when a man who lived near where the Typhoon had crashed was digging in his garden. He saw something glitter in the earth; when he stooped and picked it up — yes, it was the pilot's watch.

The case had corroded and the hands had rusted; but these were incidentals. After four years in the earth the delicate mechanism was still unharmed; the Oyster case had protected it perfectly. A little work by the Rolex repair staff — and that watch is still keeping perfect time today.

Well, this is what happened to one Rolex Oyster. And when you remember that the Rolex Oyster, to stay accurate, has to tick exactly 432,000 times a day; and that, as in all other Rolex watches, the lubricating oil has been carefully measured to one thousandth of a gramme, you can realize the exquisite delicacy of a Rolex movement. More credit to the Rolex designers that four years of rain and snow and summer dust had not penetrated the Oyster case.

But, you may argue, most watches would never have to undergo a test like that. True! But all watches have enemies — dirt and damp, dust and perspiration — and the sort of watch that will stand that fall and those four years can hardly be harmed by slighter hazards. A perfect movement perfectly protected is what you want — and what you find in a Rolex Oyster. You find it, too, in the Tudor, the junior member of the Rolex family, which is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the pilot in question (ex-Flight-Lieutenant W. Bolton, of Urmston, Lancashire) to the Rolex Watch Company. A photoprint of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



To protect the delicate movement, Rolex craftsmen and technicians laboured for years to produce the Oyster case. Employing the safest method of waterproofing — the self-sealing action of one metal on another — the Rolex Oyster was the first, and is still the foremost, waterproof watch in the world.





Take a  
**BENTLEY**  
into partnership





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1953.



**CROWNED WITH THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN, WEARING THE ARMILLS AND HOLDING THE SYMBOLS OF SOVEREIGNTY: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II.**

Queen Elizabeth II. is here seen invested with the symbols of sovereignty. On her head is the Imperial State Crown, in the front of which glows the Black Prince's Ruby; and she holds in her right hand the Sceptre with the Cross, the ensign of kingly power and justice; and in her left hand the Orb surmounted by the Cross, which symbolises that the whole world

is subject to the power and empire of Christ. The photograph, which shows the grave and noble bearing of the Queen, which roused such heartfelt admiration, was taken in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace after the Coronation on June 2. Her Majesty is posed against a symbolic background representing the Henry VII. Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

*Photograph by Cecil Beaton.*





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

DRY-AS-DUST scholars are used to early rising, for "dawn is the Muses' friend"! But on this particular day, half-past four (half-past three by real time) seemed unwontedly, though excitingly, early. For I had to breakfast by five to obey the police's injunctions and make sure of reaching my seat in the seemingly most difficult of access of all stands on the Coronation route. And in deference to instructions, I had to make a somewhat circuitous journey to my destination and one that involved crossing the Coronation route at the very point of its start. To my astonishment, I reached the site of the stand almost as quickly as I should have done had there been no Coronation at all. The police's quiet and efficient organisation of the streets was a masterpiece. And had I gone the more direct way I should apparently have reached it even more quickly and with no less ease! The only delay was at the entrance to the stand which, as it was designed to hold several thousands—all of whom had been instructed to arrive at the same hour—and appeared to have only two entrances, was not surprising. Fortunately, a considerable number of its occupants, disregarding the voice of authority, arrived long after the official zero hour. Several were still arriving, and without difficulty, nearly three hours afterwards.

Personally, I was very glad to be there early, even if forty-eight hours later than many of the heroic watchers on the pavements. For those first two or three hours of the watcher's Coronation treat were almost, I thought, the most enjoyable and exciting of the day. There was the same sense of vivid freshness and anticipation of glories to come that I recall from similar occasions in my youth: the eager crowds, both in the stands and on the hard pavements, their good-humoured delight at every incident—the coming and going of uniformed or wonderfully robed figures in cars and on horseback, of messenger boys on bicycles and dustmen on carts who were greeted with bursts of gargantuan cheering and laughter, the arrival of the Chelsea Pensioners in their scarlet coats and Hogarthian hats, a policeman's fruitless pursuit round an iron lampstand at the top of a tall pillar of a resolute young woman who had mysteriously attained to that eminence. And though even at that hour a drizzle set in, it was too early to feel any real pessimism about the weather; the forecast might be gloomy, but who, with such a day ahead and so much to see and applaud, could heed official forecasts? The good fairy, Wishful Thinking, was in full possession of all hearts.

It must be confessed, however, that the beguiling lady misled us. As an occasion for an out-of-door summer spectacle the day could scarcely have been worse. As one for an exercise of national fortitude in climatic adversity it could hardly have been better! As the loud-speakers on my stand relayed the National Anthem from the Abbey at the end of the Coronation Service, a cascade of water descended on our bare, bald heads and sluiced refreshingly down our necks. And when the second verse opened with its deeply moving prayer:

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleased to pour,

I could not help reflecting that one of these gifts, on many an official, open-air occasion, would be the soft, invigorating English rain. A Scotsman standing beside me, resolved to count the day's blessings, justly observed that if our climate was any better we should be good for nothing, and if it was any worse we should all be drowned!

Still, though everyone made the very best of it and refused to allow the recurrent downpour to eclipse the triumphant happiness, enjoyment and good humour of the hour, there is no escaping the fact that it was a cruel stroke of fate for those who had worked so hard to make the day the success it was for the Commonwealth and Colonial troops who had come so far, and for the happiness of millions longing for the brightness and colour that have so long been withheld by post-war poverty and the rather dreary, if kindly, egalitarian philosophy of a generation of civic rulers bred in the drab Fabian benevolence. The vast multitude, gathered from all over London, Britain and the world, were denied the joy of seeing the awaited pageantry and splendour against the exquisite island beauty of white-floating clouds and faint blue skies and wind-kissed, half-sun-kissed green leaves which is central London's normal June background—the kind of background on which I have so often listened with delight, gazing at the chestnuts and the scarlet of the bandmen's uniforms, to the band in the Park. It did not need a day of cloudless sunshine to make the occasion one of unmitigated delight for everyone: the most ordinary of English summer days would have done. But a day of such unusual cold for June, with such torrential showers and such almost universally overcast skies, was a sorry trick of Fate. A few minutes of warming sunshine after one particularly prolonged and drenching shower only emphasised the seeming injustice of it all! It emphasised, too, I thought, the comparative poverty of the colours employed

by the official decorators, partly intended, no doubt, for the illuminations. The subdued shades of the huge streamers and stand-covers, which would have looked delightful under an Italian sun or in the artificial sparkle of footlights, seemed curiously ineffective, not to say drab and muddy, under that leaden English sky. On the other hand, the pure, bright, vivid colours of the traditional scarlet uniforms of the Guards, of the red of Sir David Eccles's geraniums, and the uninhibited and gilded aristocratic splendour of the State coaches, grooms, outriders and footmen, the Yeomen of the Guard and Queen's Bargemen, and the peers and knights in their antique robes and Orders, showed how much better than we our ancestors understood the art of outdoor pageantry in a Northern island climate. The transformation in front of the Palace when, before the Procession started, the Guards lining the route took off their grey capes and revealed the glory of scarlet was pure magic.

One feature that rather curiously distinguished the hours of expectancy, delight, waiting and fulfilment of Coronation Day in the streets from those of the Coronations of my youth before the 1914 war was the paucity of military music. This seemed strange considering the infinitely greater facilities available to-day for conveying music to the multitudes along the route. Science gives so much, yet, in giving, unfortunately—through man's misuse of its gifts—takes away as much as it bestows. For apart from the relaying of the exquisite Coronation Service music, for which one was deeply grateful, no music was provided on the part of the route where I was watching except by the marching bands of the Procession itself. The magnificent band of the R.A.F. opposite the Victoria Memorial played the National Anthem as the Queen left the Palace and replayed it six-and-a-half hours later on her Majesty's return. That was all. Some lack of imagination appeared here, for the British people love a band, and a band in such cheerless weather would have been more than usually inspiring. Instead, we were treated to an unavoidable monotony of metallic commentary and of police directions which, however sensible and modestly phrased, became almost authoritarian when repeated so often and with such loudness through the blare of the loud-speaker. We have not yet learnt to use properly the new technical devices science has given us, and the exaggeration of authority, synthetic enthusiasm and mass patronage by the medium of wireless broadcasting has introduced a dangerous and rather un-English factor into our social life. I was delighted to note, however, the thoroughly English response of the crowds to those

reiterated manifestations of authority; impotent though the individual is against the blaring ill-manners and incessant intrusion of the dictatorial loud-speaker, the good-humoured but caustic and incorrigibly protestant voice of unofficial England replied. The first reading of each police announcement was always listened to attentively and, judging by the crowd's superb discipline, co-operatively; but the repetition of "Big Brother's" bellow was greeted each time with a roar of ribaldry and good-humoured Cockney protest. The police control was so superb and good-humoured that it seems ungrateful to mention such a small point, but it is one which, I think, should be studied by authority.

Yet, on the whole, the impression left by the day, long waiting in the cold and rain notwithstanding, was of universal, unmitigated and intense delight. The supreme moment for those fortunate enough to see it was the exquisite beauty and happy, friendly grace of the young Queen—in all our history there can never have been a more beautiful Queen regnant—and her handsome, popular Consort floating by like beings out of a fairy-tale ballet in that wonderful coach, with its glittering mounted escort. It has taken thousands of years to evolve a political symbolism so beautiful and effective, and Britain and the Commonwealth have every reason to feel deeply proud of the enchanting Princess who now so

worthily fills our ancient Throne. And everyone must have felt proud and deeply impressed by the magnificent marching of the uniformed men—and women, too—who performed that long, exacting march in the wind and rain. No troops in the world could have surpassed or, I believe, have equalled it. It seems unjust to single out any unit where all were so superlatively good, but I thought the way that the Royal Marines with their band—surely the best military band in the world—finished the course deserve special mention. But if at the end they achieved the impossible and almost seemed to surpass the Brigade of Guards itself, one must remember that the latter had had to march even further and under bearskins. The Foot Guards returned in almost the same magnificent style that they had gone out nearly seven hours before—a wonderful feat of endurance. And their G.O.C.'s smiling delight as he rode back to the Palace, his great day's achievement done, beside the Royal Coach, was inspiring to behold. So was the gallantry of the Queen of Tonga—a lady whom the British public took to its heart—riding through all that chilling downpour in an open coach, and of the octogenarian Lord Trenchard who did the same, and the magnificent *aplomb* of the pipe bands of the Pakistan Army and Brigade of Gurkhas. Yet of all the unforgettable memories of the day, I am not sure that the one that will remain longest in my mind is not that of a little boy standing beside his smaller sister and later, alone and erect, until finally borne away, at an upper window of the Palace, as he steadfastly looked down on the vast crowds waiting to pay their tribute of homage to his lovely mother as she rode to her crowning.



THE PAGE WHOSE GRACE AND EFFICIENCY CAUGHT EVERY EYE AT THE CORONATION: DUNCAN DAVIDSON, THE EARL MARSHAL'S NEPHEW AND ONE OF HIS PAGES—(ABOVE) BEFORE THE CEREMONY, CARRYING THE EARL MARSHAL'S BATON, AND (RIGHT) HOLDING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S CORONET DURING THE ACT OF HOMAGE.

All those who saw the Coronation on television were impressed by the quiet poise and neat efficiency of the page who received and held the coronets of the peers who did Homage to the Queen on her Throne. This page was the eleven-year-old Duncan Davidson, the son of the Earl Marshal's sister, Lady Rachel Davidson, and the late Lieut.-Colonel Colin Keppel Davidson, who was killed in action in 1943.







QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA, the fifty-three-year-old ruler of the Friendly Islands, completely won the hearts of the vast crowds who watched the Coronation procession on June 2. The tallest Queen in the world (she is 6 ft. 3 ins. in height) rode in an open carriage with the Sultan of Kelantan in the procession to and from Westminster Abbey; she repeatedly waved and smiled to the

*[Continued opposite.]*



*[Continued.]* crowds, completely ignoring the heavy rain which was falling. The Queen, who is a Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire, was wearing the Mantle of rose pink satin and the Star of the Order. Queen Salote (the Polynesian version of Charlotte, taken in 1845 as a baptismal name by the consort of King Tubou I. in honour of King George III.'s Queen) succeeded her father, King George II., in 1918.

A MOST POPULAR FIGURE IN THE CORONATION PROCESSION: THE QUEEN FROM THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS WHO WON THE HEARTS OF THE CROWD, H.M. QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA, SEEN ON HER WAY TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.





(ABOVE.) A GRIM AND ANCIENT PRIDE KINDLED TO ROMANTIC BEAUTY: THE TOWER OF LONDON AS IT APPEARED FLOODLIT IN HONOUR OF THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE joy of the whole nation on Coronation night could not have been more gloriously expressed than in the dramatic blaze of fireworks on the South Bank. A thunder of forty-one maroons announced the opening of the £12,500 display which was watched by huge crowds of people on the Embankment and from vantage points on tall buildings all over the city. The set pieces included portraits of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and their children which blazed brilliantly for some twenty seconds each; and the salvoes of rockets, the brilliantly-coloured shells bursting in the dark sky, the Roman candles and the Catherine wheels were decorative and glorious. The culmination was a cascade of silver light along the waterfront; and the entertainment finished with a rocket and coloured shell salvo. The cost was borne by the Ministry of Works and the L.C.C. jointly.

(RIGHT.) SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE AS THE FIREWORKS WERE REFLECTED IN THE WATERS OF THE THAMES: THE DISPLAY OF PYROTECHNICS ON THE SOUTH BANK.



LOOKING TOWARDS BIG BEN, WITH THE TWIN TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER AND SEARCHLIGHTS IN THE BACKGROUND: THE FIREWORK DISPLAY IN PROGRESS ON THE SOUTH BANK.  
VIEWS OF LONDON ON CORONATION NIGHT: THE SPLENDOUR OF FIREWORKS AND FLOODLIGHTING.





A FITTING SETTING FOR THE SURGE OF LOVE AND PATRIOTISM IN WHICH THOUSANDS PACKED THE MALL FOR THE QUEEN'S APPEARANCE ON THE BALCONY ON CORONATION NIGHT.



THE SYMBOL OF THE SOVEREIGNTY AND THE REALM: THE GREAT ROYAL COAT OF ARMS AND THE ABBEY ANNEXE, GLOWING IN THE SPLENDOR OF FLOODLIGHTING.

#### LONDON TRANSFIGURED FOR CORONATION NIGHT: THE MALL AND THE ANNEXE IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.

On Coronation night it was announced over loud-speakers that the Queen would not appear again on the balcony until 9.40 p.m., and the huge crowd before the Palace and thronging the Mall settled down to wait and to listen to the broadcast of the Queen's speech. Then at 9.40 the balcony of the Palace glowed forth in floodlighting and a few minutes later the Queen came out with the Duke of

Edinburgh to a storm of cheering. After a few moments she stepped forward and pressed the switch which was the signal for the first London illuminations to go on—and presently the capital was transformed into a fairyland of golden light, a fitting transformation-scene to crown a day of pageantry and splendour which will never be forgotten.





THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW: A VIVID PICTURE BASED ON THE OFFICIAL BERTHING CHART OF H.M. THE QUEEN WILL SEE FROM THE SALUTING PLATFORM OF H.M.S. SURPRISE ON JUNE 15.

At 3 p.m. on June 15 Queen Elizabeth II, accompanied by Admiral of the Fleet the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family, will leave the South Railway Jetty, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, in H.M.S. *Surprise* to review her Majesty's Fleet at Spithead. *Surprise* will be under the orders of the Flag Officer, Royal Yachts, Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, and the Review Fleet will be under the command of Admiral Sir George Cressy, flying his flag in H.M.S. *Vanguard*. In accordance with tradition, *Surprise* will be led out of harbour by the Trinity House vessel *Patricia*, with the Elder Brethren of Trinity House embarked,

and will be followed by H.M.S. *Redpole* wearing the Admiralty flag, indicating that the Board of Admiralty are embarked. There will be about 190 ships of the Royal Navy in the Review Fleet, representative of every class now in service and drawn from the Home, Mediterranean and Reserve Fleets and from the Home Commands of Portsmouth, Plymouth, The Nore and Scotland. The Navies of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Pakistan and India are to be represented and there will also be warships from countries with which Great Britain has diplomatic relations and who possess naval forces. Royal Fleet Auxiliaries and representative ships of the British

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED



THE LONG LINES OF WARSHIPS, FLEET AUXILIARIES, MERCHANT SHIPS AND FISHING VESSELS WHICH STRETCHING FROM SPITHEAD TO THE EAST OF COWES, AN OVERALL DISTANCE OF ABOUT SEVEN MILES.

Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets will also be present. The ships will be anchored in nine lines, the head of the lines being at Spithead and the rear just to the east of Cowes, an overall length of about seven miles. During the Review they will be lying with their bows to the eastward and the Royal Procession will pass through the lines from east to west and will return through different lines to a position abreast of H.M.S. *Vanguard* at the eastern end of the lines, where *Surprise* will anchor. The lines of ships will be dressed overall with flags and "manned"—that is to say, the ships' companies will be fallen-in on the upper decks facing outboard and a Royal

salute of 21 guns will be fired as *Surprise* reaches Spithead. The passage of H.M.S. *Surprise* through the lines will occupy about an hour-and-a-half. At about 5.30 p.m. there will be a fly-past of naval aircraft over the Fleet, led by Rear-Admiral W. T. Coughman, Flag Officer, Flying Training, comprising some 300 aircraft, representing all types at present in the Royal Navy and including R.N.V.R., R.A.N. and R.C.N. Squadrons. From 10.30 p.m. until midnight the ships of the Review Fleet will be illuminated and will give a fireworks display at about 10.50 p.m. There will be only one battleship in the Review Fleet—H.M.S. *Vanguard*.

LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.



# "A CREDENTIAL AND A TESTAMENT" TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

"THE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK." WITH A FOREWORD BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS year Christ's Hospital celebrates the 400th anniversary of its foundation by King Edward VI. That precocious boy, who was born in 1537, was in the last year of his life. He had probably very little to do with most of the decisions promulgated in his name; but there is evidence that here at least was an event which sprang from his own will. His father, under pressure, had given the convent of Grey Friars, near Newgate, with the Hospital of St. Bartholomew to the City for "relief of the poore," who had multiplied greatly since the suppression of the monasteries and "the ending of the King's warres." The problem remained acute and, in 1552, Ridley, Bishop of London, preached a sermon before King Edward which had an unexpected effect.

Ridley (says Richard Grafton, who became Treasurer of Christ's Hospital in 1553) "made a fruitfull and Godly exhortation to the riche to be merciful unto the poore, and also moved such as were in authoritie to travaile by some charitable waye and meane to comfort and relieve them." The King "did sodainly and of himselfe send to the sayd Bishop assoone as his Sermon was ended, willyng him not to depart untill that he had spoken with him (and this that I nowe write was the verie report of the sayde Bishop Ridley)." The King received the Bishop in a great gallery, and the King's acute interest was such "that the Bishop sayde 'Truly, truly [for that was commonly his othe], I could never have thought that excellency to have bene in his grace that I behelde and saw in him.'"

"I thinke you meant me," said the King, "for I am in the highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be carefull therein. . . . You have had some conference with others what ways are

appeal for charity. The Bishop was 'so astonished that he could not tell what to say, but after some pawse' he suggested that the King should send a letter to the Lord Mayor with a royal command to take action." Need I say what form the inception of the action took? A Lord Mayor's Dinner, the appointment of a committee of thirty, and an appeal for subscriptions. The desire to move crystallised at once into a scheme

Were he to return to-day he would find his inner man more considerably catered for. As for the outer man he would find little change. The uniform he wore is as it was. Only the ancient buckled shoes have gone: perhaps what suited the London pavements did not suit the wealden clay.

Of old known writers, we find here Camden, the antiquary, and George Peele, the poet and dramatist; nearer our own time there is H. S. Leigh, with a comic poem from his "Carols of Cockayne" which is worthy of Tom Hood. Mingled with theirs we find the names, some of them under surprisingly pleasant passages, of many whose fame does not extend far beyond the walls of the school. The later pages hold their own well with the earlier. Mr. Blunden and Mr. Middleton Murry, with their characteristically individual chapters, find themselves accompanied by others, not yet so publicly well known, whose essays and memories have great charm. Especially, I think Mr. J. E. Morpurgo, with his memorable portrait of a dead athlete, and Mr. T. B. Ridley, with a brilliant cameo of the young Constant Lambert which will bring him vividly back to the minds of those who knew him in his later years. And there are lively and enthusiastic chapters from two headmasters: Sir Hamilton Fyfe and Mr. H. L. O. Flecker, who reigns to-day.

Sir Hamilton has something to say about the future of the school and of education in general. He seems to be reconciled to a certain increase of official interference with all Public Schools, but it is evident that he is concerned about its possible form and extent. Coleridge records that the famous Dr. Boyer (who flogged him—"wisely, as I think, soundly as I know") admonished the trembling boy: "Boy! The School is your father! Boy! The School is your mother! Boy! The School is your brother! The School is your sister. The School is your first-cousin, and your second-cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!" Sir Hamilton envisages a modern headmaster having to shout "'Boy! The State is your Father'", etc., etc.



"PART OF THE GREY FRIAR'S MONASTERY, OR CHRIST'S HOSPITAL." (FROM AN ENGRAVING, 1812.)  
Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Christ's Hospital Book"; by Courtesy of the publisher, Hamish Hamilton.

for a school for orphans and other poor children; and, although at the start, babies-in-arms formed a part of the population, not many years passed before the first Bluecoat Boy entered Oxford University, and future development was clear. Within a year the King was dead, and Queen Mary, "who did not lyke of the blew boyes," preferring their predecessors the friars, cold-shouldered a boy who stood forth, as she entered the City by Ludgate, to deliver an oration of welcome. The boy is now known as Blessed Edmund Campion. He was converted to Catholicism, and many years after was to die for his religion as, in 1555, Bishop Ridley had died for his. The school escaped suppression, rapidly took its modern shape, and remained on its original site until fifty years ago, when a move was made to Horsham, and an Old Boy, revisiting the venerable buildings, found a housebreaker's notice up "Good Old Bricks for Sale."

The story of the school through the centuries has been often told: the editorial committee, which has produced this very handsome memorial volume, has not attempted to vie with them, but has produced something *sui generis* among books about Public Schools. As the Duke of Gloucester succinctly puts it in his Foreword, "the volume, which has been edited, written and produced by Blues of many generations, is, as will be seen, part history and part anthology." Mr. Edmund Blunden, most eminent of living "Blue" writers, amplifies this in the Introduction, which is one amongst several charming contributions, in prose and verse, from his pen. A miscellany was conceived which should blend bare historical facts with extracts from writings, mainly about the school, from authors living and dead. A mere anthology would have been dominated by Coleridge, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt. Here they take their places not amongst their literary peers but amongst their schoolfellows; but it is, incidentally, odd that from Coleridge, of all people, is drawn one of the most striking contributions to the mass of historical facts in the book—an account in a letter of the organisation of the School in his time. It ends with a far-from-metaphysical or magical account of the diet in what he found by no means "a stately pleasure-dome": "Our diet was very scanty. Every morning a bit of dry bread and some bad small beer. Every evening a larger piece of bread, and cheese or butter, whichever we liked. For dinner—on Sunday, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter, and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter, and rice milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and broth; Saturday, bread and butter, and pease-porridge. Our food was portioned; and, excepting on Wednesdays, I never had a bellyfull. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied; and we had no vegetables." It is surprising to find the singer of honey-dew and the milk of Paradise remembering so exactly the particulars of this uninviting weekly bill-of-fare.



"A PEERLESS PRINCE, A PHOENIX BIRD ALONE": KING EDWARD VI. (FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GEORGE VENTUE.)

"On 26 June 1553, King Edward VI. signed the Charter of the Royal Hospitals of Christ, Bridewell, and St. Thomas the Apostle. As he laid down the pen, he said, 'Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks, that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name.' Eleven days later the fifteen-year-old King was dead."

best to be taken therein, the which I am desirous to understand, and therefore I pray you to say your mind." It was really, says Mr. Eric Bennett, who writes on "The Beginnings," "with those words that Edward VI. became the founder of Christ's Hospital, for Ridley had no cut-and-dried plan and he had certainly not expected so sudden a response to his

\* "The Christ's Hospital Book." With a Foreword by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. Illustrated. (Published for a Committee of Old Blues by Hamish Hamilton; 25s.).



LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT THE TIME OF THE SCHOOL'S FOUNDATION: SIR RICHARD DOBBS. "AT THE FYRSTE ERECTION GOD MOVED THE HARTS OF A NUMBER OF GOOD MEN TO GYVE GREATE THINGS."

It was Boyer, by the way, of whom Coleridge wrote, after the eminent flagellator's death: "Poor J. B. !—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublimity infirmities."

The production of the book is impressive; the pictures of men and places are numerous and fascinating; and the price is more (by which I mean less) than moderate. But I wish that the names of the authors were given in the table of contents as well as elsewhere.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1004 of this issue.



UTILITY SET USED FOR TRAINING AND SLEEPING. THIS TYPE HAS A 750 LITRE OXYGEN CYLINDER WITH THE REDUCING VALVE AND SHUT OFF VALVE FITTED DIRECTLY TO THE CYLINDER.

FOR FAMILIARISING THE CLIMBER WITH THE BREATHING APPARATUS, ANOTHER TYPE OF TRAINING GEAR. IN THIS CASE THE REDUCING VALVE IS CARRIED ON THE FRAME.

### THE FINAL ASSAULT BREATHING APPARATUS.

THIS SET IS OF THE OXYGEN AND AIR TYPE AND HAS THREE CYLINDERS WITH A TOTAL WEIGHT OF 33 LB.

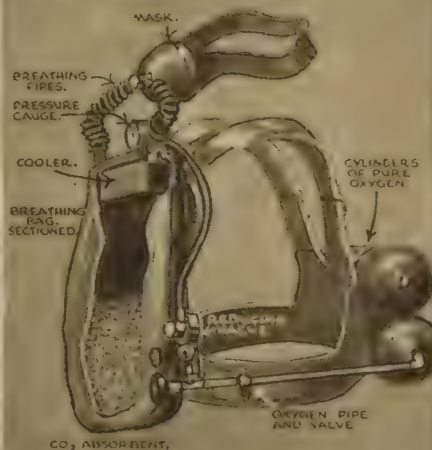
GOGGLES.  
BREATHING MASK.

THE CYLINDERS ARE INDEPENDENT OF EACH OTHER; WHEN A CYLINDER IS EXHAUSTED IT CAN EASILY BE DETACHED AND DISCARDED, RELIEVING THE WEARER OF 11 LB. OF WEIGHT.

TUBULAR DURALUMIN FRAME.

LIGHT PACK FOR FINAL ASSAULT.

A FOURTH TYPE OF BREATHING APPARATUS USED BY THE EVEREST EXPEDITION. THE CLOSED CIRCUIT TYPE WHICH USES PURE OXYGEN AND CO<sub>2</sub> ABSORBENT.



ILLUSTRATING THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF THE CLOSED CIRCUIT TYPE OF APPARATUS IN WHICH THE BREATH CAN BE 'FILTERED' AND USED AGAIN AND AGAIN.

1. SHUT-OFF VALVES.
2. PRESSURE REDUCING VALVES.
3. PRESSURE GAUGES.
4. OXYGEN FLEXIBLE PIPE.
5. MANIFOLD WITH ALTERNATE JETS.
6. ECONOMISER.
7. BREATHING PIPE TO MASK.

## EQUIPMENT WITHOUT WHICH MAN COULD NOT HAVE ACHIEVED THE GREAT TRIUMPH OF THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST : BREATHING APPARATUS USED BY COLONEL—SOON TO BE SIR JOHN—HUNT'S TEAM.

Colonel H. C. J. Hunt's team, news of whose victory over the previously unconquered Mount Everest was received on the eve of Coronation Day, were provided with the latest equipment, and were carefully trained. Climbers must become used to breathing in rarefied atmosphere; and then familiarise themselves with the use and operation of the breathing apparatus, which is essential on the higher levels. The expedition had two types of oxygen and air-training apparatus, each weighing 24 lb., which could be used when climbing and also when sleeping; and when the final assault was made they were familiar with the larger apparatus with three cylinders (to provide for an extended period of use) known as the Final Assault Set. The cylinders of this are independent of each other and, as soon as one is used up, it can be quickly disconnected and discarded, relieving the wearer of 11 lb. of weight. The supply pipe can then be quickly connected to the next cylinder. Each cylinder is of 800 litres capacity, and contains a pressure-reducing valve, shut-off valve and pressure-gauge. The oxygen flows along the pipe to a manifold having two jets, giving alternative flows of gas. From this

manifold the oxygen flows to the economiser and thence via a flexible pipe to the breathing-mask. A fourth type of apparatus, known as the "Closed Circuit" type, was also used on the mountain. This uses pure oxygen and CO<sub>2</sub> absorbent. The wearer is entirely cut off from external air and is completely dependent on the apparatus. Used air passes through an expulsive tube into the breathing-bag, where it is "filtered"—in other words, freed from its carbonic acid content. When re-inhaled it passes through the inspiratory valve, purified and re-oxygenated, so that the wearer can inhale his own exhaled breath over and over again. Our illustration shows the general principle of this type of apparatus but does not pretend to show the exact type of "Closed Circuit" apparatus supplied to Colonel Hunt's expedition. In the assault by Bourdillon and Evans on May 25, intended as advanced reconnaissance, "Closed Circuit" apparatus was used. The "Open Circuit" type was used in the victorious final assault. *The Illustrated London News*, by special arrangement with *The Times*, will be the first periodical to publish photographs and the full story of this great feat.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF MESSRS. SIEBE, GORMAN AND CO., LTD.



## THE QUEEN AT THE DERBY: ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS, AND THE WINNER.



THE QUEEN ON ARRIVAL AT EPSOM, WHERE SHE SAW HER COLT *AUREOLE* RUN SECOND IN THE CORONATION YEAR DERBY ON JUNE 6: HER MAJESTY WITH THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (LEFT) AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE ROYAL PARTY: THE QUEEN (L.; FOREGROUND) WITH LORD ROSEBURY AND, BEHIND HIM (L. AND R.), PRINCESS MARGARET AND QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, AND BEHIND THEM THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



LEADING IN THE WINNER, HIS *PINZA*, WITH GORDON RICHARDS UP: SIR VICTOR SASSOON. GORDON—SOON TO BE SIR GORDON—RICHARDS ACHIEVED HIS AMBITION BY WINNING THE DERBY AT HIS TWENTY-EIGHTH ATTEMPT.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, went to Epsom on June 6 to see her colt *Aureole* run in the Coronation Year Derby. She received a tremendous ovation on arrival, and there were high hopes that *Aureole* would win the most famous of all races for the young Queen in her Coronation year. It was not to be; but



THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, CONGRATULATING GORDON RICHARDS ON HAVING AT LAST RIDDEN THE DERBY WINNER: HER GRACIOUS SMILE GIVES NO INDICATION OF THE DISAPPOINTMENT SHE MUST HAVE FELT AT *AUREOLE* BEING BEATEN TO SECOND PLACE.

there was consolation in the fact that Sir Victor Sassoon's *Pinza*, the winner, was ridden by Gordon Richards, who received the honour of a knighthood in the Coronation Honours; for this great jockey had never before ridden a Derby winner. Her Majesty congratulated him with the most gracious of smiles in which no shade of any disappointment she may have felt that her colt was beaten to second place could be discerned.





(ABOVE.) THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE GRAND STAND TO SEE THE 1953 DERBY: A VIEW SHOWING H.M. THE QUEEN AT THE ENTRANCE WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND (TO THE RIGHT) QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH PRINCESS MARGARET.

ON June 6 Gordon Richards, a portrait of whom appears on page 995 in this issue, won his first Derby at the twenty-eighth attempt. His mount *Pinza*, owned by Sir Victor Sassoon, and joint-favourite with *Premonition*, finished four lengths ahead of her Majesty's *Aureole*, with Prince Said Toussein's *Pink Horse* third. The winner was trained by N. Bertie, who was for many years head lad to F. Darling. Although the crowd had hoped to see her Majesty win the Coronation Derby, they gave Gordon Richards a tremendous ovation on attaining his ambition, and the Queen sent for him to congratulate him. In the Royal Box were the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal, while the Grand Stand was packed with spectators and on the other side of the course a vast crowd covered the Downs. Sir Winston Churchill was present, with General Marshall.



*PINZA*, RIDDEN BY GORDON RICHARDS, PASSING THE WINNING-POST FOUR LENGTHS AHEAD OF H.M. THE QUEEN'S *AUREOLE*: A VIEW OF THE FINISH OF THE 1953 DERBY, SHOWING THE POPULAR SIDE OF THE COURSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE COURSE ON CORONATION DERBY DAY: VIEWS OF THE GRAND STAND AND THE CROWDED DOWNS.





ON HER WAY TO THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S: THE QUEEN DRIVES BELOW THE CITY BANNERS AND GARLANDS OF FLEET STREET AND BETWEEN THE CHEERING CROWDS WHICH LINED THE WAY.

On the morning of June 9—under sunny blue skies—her Majesty the Queen drove along the Strand and down Fleet Street on her way to the Coronation Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. All the route was lined with cheering crowds and every window was crowded with office workers. Fleet Street itself was hung

with garlands of white and red leading down from huge banners of the arms of the City of London. There was no pause at Temple Bar for the presentation of the Pearl Sword on this occasion, and the Queen's car, with its Royal Standard flying, drove slowly but steadily along the route to St. Paul's.





(UPPER PHOTOGRAPH.) THE CORONATION THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S ON JUNE 9, AT WHICH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL READ THE LESSON: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET (HIDDEN), THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUCHESS OF KENT (HIDDEN), THE DUKE OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (R. TO L.; FRONT ROW); AND (LOWER PHOTOGRAPH) THE PREMIER AT THE LECTERN.

#### THE CORONATION THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE CITY OF LONDON: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT ST. PAUL'S.

On Tuesday, June 9, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, and members of the Royal family, drove to St. Paul's Cathedral, heart of her capital city, to take part in a special Coronation Thanksgiving Service conducted by the Dean of St. Paul's. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached, prayers were led

by the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, and the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, read the Lesson. Crowds assembled along the route from Buckingham Palace to cheer the Queen, who drove with the Duke in a car with the hood lowered so that she could be seen.



ON two successive days recently I paid visits to the Guards Depôt at Caterham and to the Guards Training Regiment at Pirbright. At these two places the rank-and-file of the Foot Guards get their introduction to the Brigade, though those of the Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards go to Windsor. At Caterham there are barracks, old, grim and not particularly comfortable. Pirbright is a camp, and I think its huts, as well as being in pleasanter surroundings, are otherwise preferable to the barracks. It was interesting to see how the Guards tackled recruit training, because they have their own special problem. They have to teach their men, as the Monarch's household troops, forms of ceremonial drill which belong largely to the past, and at the same time make them ready for modern warfare. This is not easy. Moreover, it is necessary that they should live up to the exceptional fighting reputation they have forged in the past and, in keeping that high place, they are competing with other regiments which have more time than they have to devote to field training.

Yet no Guards officer that I have ever met would admit that this was all handicap. He believes that the drill and the precision with which every movement is carried out has a moral tonic influence. He thinks that it strengthens will and encourages self-respect. He looks upon it as part of the method, and perhaps the chief part, by which the Guardsman is taught to know what he is and what he represents, to take pride in that, and to draw inspiration from his pride. He believes that the strict discipline undergone will serve as a fortification in times of crisis. He is, in general, right. Yet the fact remains that adaptability is one of the primary needs of warfare as it is waged to-day. If that is to be achieved, drill and discipline require to have added to them skill and speed of thought as well as a sound knowledge of the weapon the man normally uses and of such others as he may be called upon to use in emergency. This is why I spoke of a problem. To take a single illustration of it, there is hardly a station in which regiments cannot get some field and weapon training. But battalions of the Guards on a spell of duty in London can get no form of training but drill.

Recruits, both Regulars and National Service men, come to the Guards Depôt at Caterham in their civilian clothes. There they pass, after particulars and aptitudes have been recorded, into squads and companies of their regiments. The companies vary in size, because the regiments are unequal. The Regular recruit naturally enters the regiment of his choice. The National Service man may not be able to do so, because a free choice for everyone would unbalance the intake; but those who have a strong preference for a particular regiment are put into it when possible. The programme at the Depôt in a course of training lasting twelve weeks includes over a dozen subjects, but the chief one is drill. This is allotted 150 periods, more than twice as many as any other. Second comes physical training, with sixty-two, and third education and map-reading, with forty-four. Weapon-training, with twenty-four, is at this stage confined to the rifle, and is elementary. The drill, in the hands of experienced warrant officers and N.C.O.s, is thorough and, indeed, severe. By the last fortnight nearly all recruits have reached a good standard in the handling of arms, in steadiness on parade, and in such difficult features as slow marching.

I mentioned that recruits to the Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards do not pass through Caterham. This does not apply to future officers. All officers of the future have already been interviewed and selected. They form their own squad at Caterham. But it must be emphasised that they are still only potential officers. They might conceivably fail here, or later on at Sandhurst, if potential Regulars, or at Eaton Hall if they are doing National Service. Their work and their life is the same as that of other recruits, except that they have their own squad, which comprises all regiments of horse and foot, and that their course lasts only eight weeks instead of twelve. They learn drill quicker than the ordinary recruit, for whom the pace has perforce to be set by the slower-minded, and they almost always bring with them some experience from school, probably gained from a sergeant-major of the Foot Guards. They arrive in four annual groups, two of Regulars and two of National Service men, though there may be some National Service men with the Regular groups.

Each squad of recruits has its own sergeant, who is responsible for it throughout. The squad is known

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### CATERHAM, PIRBRIGHT, AND THE GUARDS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

by his name: to take an example from fact, "Squad L/S Edwards, 14 Coy. Grenadier Guards." There are also more senior sergeants, who look after the work of several squads. In addition, there are men known as "barrack-room trained Guardsmen," specially picked from the regiments, who live with the recruits and teach them the ropes. I found it remarkable how great was the change in appearance and bearing as the men neared the end of their course. That they should have become smart was to be expected, but they also appeared far stronger, fitter and more mature. Virtually all, in fact, gain in weight, and some a great deal, though they arrive better nourished than was the case during the war and immediately after it.



THE GUARDS' DEPÔT, CATERHAM, TO WHICH RECRUITS, BOTH REGULARS AND NATIONAL SERVICE MEN, COME IN THEIR CIVILIAN CLOTHES; A VIEW OF THE PARADE GROUND.

"Recruits, both Regulars and National Service men, come to the Guards Depôt at Caterham in their civilian clothes. . . . The programme at the Depôt in a course of training lasting twelve weeks includes over a dozen subjects, but the chief one is drill. This is allotted 150 periods, more than twice as many as any other." On this page, Captain Cyril Falls discusses the Guards Brigade. He points out that "They have proved themselves in small wars and imperial policing, which used not to fall to their lot. They represent an institution which is of high value and inspiration in war, as it is a feature of the national life in time of peace."



WHERE RECRUITS TO THE GUARDS MOVE AFTER TWELVE WEEKS' TRAINING AT THE DEPÔT: THE MAIN STREET OF PIRBRIGHT CAMP, WITH THE CLOCK TOWER, CHURCHES AND OFFICERS' MESS (WHITE BUILDING), AND (RIGHT) A SECTION OF "C" LINE HUTS.

After recruits to the Guards have undergone twelve weeks' training at the Depôt, Caterham, they move to the Training Regiment at Pirbright. "Here," writes Captain Falls, "facilities for weapon and field training are better, but the area is rather crowded. To make up for this defect a fortnight of the nine-weeks course is spent up in Yorkshire, at Pickering, at what is known as a 'battle camp.'"

I saw the same thing at the Royal Marines Depôt at Deal about the year 1946. The Marines also set a very high standard in drill and marching and pay great attention to the physical development of their recruits in training.

By the end of twelve weeks, then, the recruits, though still not first class at drill by the standard of the Brigade, have made good progress. They still, however, know nothing about weapons, but for an elementary acquaintance with the rifle, and nothing at all about field work. Then they move further out into the country, to the Training Regiment at Pirbright. Here facilities for weapon and field training are better, but the area is rather crowded. To make up for this defect a fortnight of the nine-weeks course is spent up in Yorkshire, at Pickering, at what is known as a "battle camp." This is completely open country and a godsend to the Guards in giving them opportunities which they cannot find in their own part of the world. Yet there is a good deal of open ground and there are ranges at Pirbright. In this second stage of the training the balance is changed. Only enough drill is performed to ensure that nothing

already gained should be lost. The main functions of Pirbright are field work and weapon training. At the same time, marching in camp is done in the smartest possible way and generally no opportunity for maintaining the standard is allowed to be missed.

After this total of twenty-one weeks the young Guardsman goes to his battalion. It may, at the time, be in London, where he will be occupied exclusively with guards and other ceremonial duties or in preparing for them. It may be in Germany, where he will receive perhaps the most thorough field training given to any troops in the history of the British Army. It may be in the Canal Zone of dubious future and unloved present, which, despite other disadvantages, is also well suited to training; in fact, some critics think that the troops there have been over-trained. However much work in the field the Guardsman undergoes, he will never be permitted to slip back in drill and will always be expected at a moment's notice to march as well as if he were on his way to Buckingham Palace. That is always his background. Even on active service he is taught to remember that

he is not only in the service of the Crown, as are all the armed forces, but actually a member of the Household troops of the Sovereign. That is a privilege he must live up to.

The ceremonial duties of the Guards are carried out in a way that wins admiration far and wide. "The first thing we wanted to see. We have nothing quite like it at home." Those words from visitors to this country have become familiar. Yet this is a utilitarian age. The question may be asked whether the Guards have also a justification for their existence from a utilitarian point of view. Some would answer it in the negative. I myself am inclined to the belief that they were never more valuable in this respect than they are to-day. I have once or twice argued in these pages that the trend of civilisation in a country such as ours is to bring about a certain softening in its young manhood. I am aware that this is not a popular view, and it may not be correct.

It was, however, that of a number of observers worthy of consideration. It was assuredly the cause of the formation of a number of Guards Brigades in the last war in addition to the Guards Armoured Division. The need seemed to be, I wrote in a short history of the war published in 1948, "a stiffening element with rock-like discipline."

It is interesting to note that the best of the Commando leaders during the war came round to, if they did not start with, similar notions about the value of discipline and even of drill. Their men were the least conventional of troops, yet their most successful officers considered it worth while to insist upon a high standard in this respect. The standard of Commandos was not uniform, and some of them were inclined to be lax, but a good one could be reached and paid when it was. I have just been reading the war memoirs of an outstanding Commando leader, Brigadier John Durnford-Slater.\* He writes of his arrival at Gibraltar: "Everybody on the Rock was pleased to see us, and they were rather astonished to see the turn-out and saluting of our men. . . . Everywhere No. 3 Commando went I insisted absolutely on the greatest possible cleanliness and attention to detail, both in battles and in the peaceful periods between."

Troops no longer manoeuvre and fight in battle with the precision of the parade ground, as used to be the case. But that military virtue, which used to stand almost alone, has kept much of its value. It braces the individual and the unit against mental strain. The pattern in this respect has long been and is still created by the Foot Guards. A risk does exist, as I have suggested, of losing the balance between practical flexibility and ceremonial smartness; but so long as this is recognised, so long as the latter is not allowed to outweigh the former, it makes men better soldiers for all purposes. One of the best proofs of this is to be found in the bearing of the Guards in adversity and the speed with which they recover themselves after a battering. They now go on foreign service in time of peace to a much greater extent than used to be the case. They have proved themselves in small wars and imperial policing, which used not to fall to their lot. They represent an institution which is of high value and inspiration in war, as it is a feature of the national life in time of peace.

\* "Commando." By Brigadier John Durnford-Slater. (Kimber; 75s.)



PRESENTED  
IN A GALA  
PERFORMANCE  
BEFORE  
HER MAJESTY  
ON JUNE 8: BRITTEN'S  
CORONATION OPERA  
"GLORIANA."

(LEFT.) AT A COURT BALL IN THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL: THE EARL OF ESSEX (PETER PEARS; CENTRE) REPROACHES QUEEN ELIZABETH I. (JOAN CROSS) FOR HAVING HUMILIATED LADY ESSEX (MONICA SINCLAIR; LEFT).



IN NORWICH GUILDHALL: QUEEN ELIZABETH I. (JOAN CROSS), WHO IS ON A ROYAL PROGRESS; WITH THE RECORDER OF NORWICH (MICHAEL LANGDON), WHO IS BENDING TO KISS THE ROYAL HAND.

THE gala performance of Benjamin Britten's opera "Gloriana" (composed in honour of the Coronation by special permission of her Majesty) at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on June 8, was one of the most brilliant occasions of the week. Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present and, with other members of the Royal party, occupied a specially constructed Royal Box in the centre of the grand tier. The occasion was the first on which the Opera had acted as host to the Sovereign and members of the Government and of the Diplomatic Corps since its reopening after the war. "Gloriana" is based on the story of Queen Elizabeth and Essex. The libretto is by William Plomer, the scenery and costumes by John Piper, and the choreography by John Cranko; and John Pritchard conducted. The cast included Joan Cross, Adele Leigh, Monica Sinclair, Jennifer Vyvyan, Frederick Dalberg, Peter Pears, Geraint Evans and Arnold Matters.



ELIZABETH I. SURROUNDED BY LOYAL SUBJECTS AT NORWICH: SIR WALTER RALEIGH (FREDERICK DALBERG), A COURTIER, THE EARL OF ESSEX (PETER PEARS), THE QUEEN (JOAN CROSS), LORD MOUNTJOY (GERAINT EVANS) (L. TO R.); AND THE RECORDER OF NORWICH (MICHAEL LANGDON; RIGHT).





THE SPLENDID SCENE AT THE CORONATION OPERA GALA NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN: THE QUEEN IN THE CENTRE OF THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED ROYAL BOX FROM WHICH SHE HEARD "GLORIANA."

The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was the scene of one of the most brilliant functions of the Coronation Year season on Monday, June 8, when her Majesty the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other Royalties, attended the gala first performance of Benjamin Britten's "Gloriana." The house was splendidly decorated, as befitted the occasion, only the second on which an opera has been given its first

performance under Royal patronage—the first being the premiere of Handel's "Atalanta" in 1736, before George II. The Royal party occupied a specially-constructed box in the centre of the grand tier, designed by Mr. Oliver Messel with inventive skill and Royal gorgeousness. The walls were of cloth-of-gold, great bunches of oak leaves were placed above the box, with a glittering crown in the centre. Heavy garlands of roses hung below the parapet, with, in the

centre, the Royal Cipher. The Queen wore white, with the Ribbon and Star of the Garter, and a diamond tiara, necklace and earrings; Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was also in white, and Princess Margaret in blue. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Princess Margaret; the Crown Princess of Norway; the Crown Prince of Norway; H.M. the Queen; the Duke of Edinburgh and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; with, behind, to the left of the Queen, Viscount Waverley,

Chairman of the Covent Garden Opera Trust. As the Queen entered, a fanfare was sounded by six trumpeters from the Household Cavalry, who stood on the stage. The audience included Members of the Diplomatic Corps, Ministers of the Crown, Members of Parliament and many other distinguished persons. Yeomen of the Guard were posted at various points in the auditorium. Scenes from the opera are reproduced on another page.



## THE "BAT": A NEW BRITISH RECOILLESS GUN.



BEING TOWED MUZZLE-FORWARD BEHIND A CAMBRIDGE CARRIER: THE NEW BATTALION ANTI-TANK GUN, KNOWN AS THE "BAT," AT A DEMONSTRATION ON SALISBURY PLAIN.



IN ACTION, SHOWING THE GUN-TOWING "EYE" FOLDED BACK ON THE MUZZLE: THE NEW RECOILLESS 120 MM. ANTI-TANK GUN, WHICH HAS A LOW SILHOUETTE.



SHOWING THE BREECH MECHANISM, LOADING TRAY, AND THE "FUNNEL" ATTACHED TO THE BREECH THROUGH WHICH THE PROPELLENT GASES ESCAPE. THE "BAT," WHICH WEIGHS LESS THAN A TON, READY TO BE LIMBERED UP.

On May 27 the new Battalion Anti-Tank gun, known as the "Bat," was demonstrated for the first time in public on Salisbury Plain. This weapon has a number of important features—it is non-recoiling, weighs only 2200 lb., has a low silhouette and fires a heavy projectile, the calibre being 120 mm. (4.7 in.). The gun is designed to replace the six 17 pdr. anti-tank guns allotted to infantry battalions and can be handled easily by a detachment of four men. As the gun is recoilless, the trail is shorter and lighter than in the normal type of gun and it is therefore towed muzzle-forward, normally by the Cambridge carrier, but any vehicle in an infantry battalion may be used for this purpose. When the gun is fired the propellant not only drives the shell through the barrel but is also passed through a rear vent in the "funnel" structure to absorb the recoil. The "funnel" functions in much the same way as the muzzle-brake on the 25 pdr.

## THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC SHELL FIRED.

In our issue of October 11 last year we published photographs with a full description of the United States' 280 mm. mobile guns, designed to fire either atomic or conventional shells to an approximate range of twenty miles. On May 25 the world's first atomic shell was fired from one of these guns at a target on Frenchman's Flat, fifty miles from Las Vegas. The experiment was watched by a large number of official military observers and U.S. Congressmen, and a mock attack was carried out after the explosion by troops stationed in trenches 5000 yards away. The 1000-lb. atomic shell was fused to burst 500 ft. above the target, which consisted of a collection of vehicles, weapons and equipment, and the gun was fired electrically by remote control from the atomic test site control point ten miles away. A gun detachment of nine men of the 52nd Artillery Group at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, loaded the atomic shell in the gun and then retired to a safe distance before it was fired.



WATCHING THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC ARTILLERY SHELL BURSTING OVER FRENCHMAN'S FLAT ON MAY 25: OFFICIAL MILITARY OBSERVERS AND U.S. CONGRESSMEN LESS THAN EIGHT MILES AWAY, WITH THE SMOKE-COLUMN IN BACKGROUND.



SHOWING THE COLUMN OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE TARGET SEVEN MILES AWAY: A VIEW OF THE 280 MM. ATOMIC GUN AFTER THE FIRST ATOMIC SHELL HAD BEEN FIRED ELECTRICALLY BY REMOTE CONTROL.



## THE CORONATION DRIVES: HER MAJESTY VISITS HER LOYAL LONDONERS IN N.-E. AND N.-W. LONDON.



AFTER THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HAD SIGNALLED THE DRIVER TO HALT, THE QUEEN ACCEPTED A BOUQUET FROM A FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL OUTSIDE THE PRINCESS LOUISE KENSINGTON HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

THE first of the Queen's Coronation drives through London took place on June 3 in grey, cold weather, but no rain fell. The route followed was the Mall—the Strand—Kingsway—Islington—Stoke Newington—Hackney—Dalston—Bethnal Green—Bow—Stepney—Whitechapel—the Embankment. There were official halts in the Mall, and at Islington Town Hall, and many unofficial brief pauses brought about by charming incidents along the route. On June 4 the second drive took place in warmer, sunnier weather, and this followed the route—Eaton Square—Chelsea—Fulham Road—Hammersmith—Shepherd's Bush—Westway—Elgin Avenue—Maida Vale—Kilburn—Hampstead—Camden Town—Gower Street—Soho—the Mall. In this drive there was one official stop, at Hampstead Town Hall. Drives through S.-E. and S.-W. London were arranged for June 8 and 9.



DURING THE ONLY SCHEDULED STOP ON THE DRIVE THROUGH NORTH-WEST LONDON: THE QUEEN TALKING TO THE MAYOR OF HAMPSTEAD, COUNCILLOR SNOWMAN, OUTSIDE HAMPSTEAD TOWN HALL.



DURING THE FIRST DRIVE—THE HALT IN THE MALL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE TALKING WITH THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF WESTMINSTER.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND DRIVE: A HUGE CROWD GATHERED OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO SEE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STARTED ON THEIR TOUR OF NORTH-WEST LONDON.



ROYAL YOUTH AND HONOURED AGE: THE QUEEN TURNS TO WAVE TO THE RED-COATED CHELSEA PENSIONERS, LINING THE PAVEMENT OF THE KING'S ROAD DURING THE SECOND DRIVE.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### DRAWINGS BY THE GREAT AND THE NEAR-GREAT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE people I know best take a great delight in drawings—and by drawings I mean water-colour, or pen, or pencil, or wash, or a combination of any or all of them, as distinct from oils. They like oils just as much; only drawings are generally smaller, can be kept easily in drawers and are consequently more manageable. Paintings demand wall space, drawings do not; you can hide them away simply enough and bring them out and gloat over them at leisure. I dare say more people than I would guess consider them rather boring. I met a man recently who was devoted to paintings, but told me he found these scraps of paper flimsy and tiresome; he said he would love to own a Rembrandt painting, but could not bring himself to take the slightest interest in one of that great man's miraculous scribbles with a reed pen, wherein, in the compass of two or three square inches, all the glory of the world and all its sorrows are indicated by a stroke or two. Even more astonishing—to me, that is, and to those who think like me—he was thoroughly chilled by the Leonardo Exhibition at Burlington House last year. Now, I am not making fun of him, for he is a man of great knowledge and enthusiasm; I am merely warning myself and my fellow-fanatics that it is not reasonable to expect everyone to share our views.

There are, of course, several sorts of drawings. There is the finished picture, plain or coloured, made as an end in itself. There is the rapid jotting down on the spot by the artist to remind him of a particular aspect of nature, which he may, or may not, use later in building up a more elaborate picture; the most obvious and the best-known examples of this kind of thing are probably the cloud studies made by John Constable on which he noted the exact time of day. There is the carefully composed drawing from which a painting will in due course be made—almost an exact replica of the drawing, with, of course, the

the legion of highly accomplished seventeenth-century Italian artists whose drawings are somehow more vivacious than their paintings. I suppose that what is to me an awe-inspiring mystery is in essence simplicity itself; you have only to think of something and draw a line round it. When I do that the result is not even horrible; it is flat and dreary beyond description. When Pieter Brueghel, the Elder, indulges in a modest little think, he draws a line or two and produces Fig. 1, something so vivid and eloquent that, though you only see this old fellow's back, you very nearly visualise his face and are familiar with his life history. This is one of more than a hundred drawings from all periods which at the moment hang on the walls at Colnaghi's Exhibition of Old Master Drawings, which will continue till June 27. They are not all either as simple as this, nor such rarities, and some are by names which are scarcely known except to a very small public; it is an uncommonly well-balanced collection, with one or two intriguing puzzles which can keep the *cognoscenti* arguing for hours—for example, a drawing which seems Spanish, but which appears to represent a Flanders town. The catalogue is characteristically cautious, but it will require vast erudition to prove conclusively that Velasquez was not concerned in this drawing.

However, let us leave these delicate matters to the pundits and pass on to things about which no argument is possible. A series of chalk drawings by Jean Pillement, for example, from the collection of Prince Liechtenstein, as fine a series of this gossamer gay painter's work as London has seen for many a long day—the grace of Fragonard though, to be sure, without that wonderful man's nervous muscular force, so evident in a scrap of a drawing hanging near by. Fragonard's great friend, Hubert Robert, was responsible for the romantic and sensitive drawing of Trajan's Forum at Rome (Fig. 2), which was clearly done when the two painters were enjoying themselves together during that famous journey to Italy. Robert can become an obsession to some of us, so lovingly does his brush—whether he's using oils or watercolours—seem to linger over stones warmed by the sun and weathered by the years. These slightly nostalgic town- or house-scapes are of course his real life's work; but he can do a lively and sensitive portrait, and there is a red chalk sketch here of a man seated on a chair, and on the back a man reading a newspaper, which are impressions of his fellow-prisoners during his months of imprisonment in 1793-94, when he was fortunate to escape the guillotine.

I am so often informed by persons in authority that the romantic period in art and literature did not begin until the nineteenth century, that I am in danger of believing them; and turn to the work of people like Hubert Robert and the other Frenchmen and back also to the seventeenth century (there is

a Claude drawing in the exhibition) to assure myself that such a statement is only half-true; the earlier men were no less romantic at heart than their nineteenth-century successors but were less woolly minded and less easily swayed by rhetoric. Lots of people will want to quarrel over that assertion, so let us leave them to it and look at something very simple which can be accepted without argument as a statement of fact—a drawing of "Birch Trees" by Lucas van Uden. Sir Bruce Ingram lent two very similar drawings by this artist to a loan exhibition at this gallery last year, and I remember how satisfying they were, though what Van Uden's particular magic can be I am unable to guess; perhaps it is merely his unpretentiousness. Set this beside a drawing of a similar subject by his contemporary Poussin (I have just compared two good photographs) and you realise, I suggest, two things: how fine is the famous master, and how high a standard is reached by this almost unknown little one. I

have left Fig. 3, the Filippino Lippi, to the last, because subject and mood obviously place it in a category apart. It is a preliminary study for a painting in New York (Housman Collection). It is the sort of early drawing which is sometimes referred to as



FIG. 1. "A PEASANT STANDING, SEEN FROM BEHIND"; BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (c. 1525-1569). This drawing, a masterpiece of vigorous simplicity, bears on the verso a peasant in profile carrying three sticks and leaning on a rough wooden fence. Both drawings bear notes of colour in the artist's hand. Formerly in the collection of Prince Liechtenstein. (Pen and Brown Ink.)



FIG. 2. "THE FORUM OF TRAJAN, ROME"; "A ROMANTIC AND SENSITIVE DRAWING" BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808).

A fine example of Hubert Robert's architectural drawings. This artist, often called *Robert des Ruines*, was born in Paris and spent a number of years in Rome. He survived the French Revolution through a mistake of identity on the part of a gaoler, who sent another man of the same name to be executed. (Pen and Watercolour.)

addition of colour (either oil or tempera). Each of these different kinds has its special interest, and in some of them there is a special quality—that is, in drawings which are intended to form the basis of a painting; for in many of them you see the artist's mind at work, bubbling with ideas which in the final version seem sometimes to have become a trifle tame as the labour of translating his original bright vision into permanent form has transformed it from poetry into prose. This is, I think, particularly the case with



FIG. 3. "THE DEAD CHRIST SUPPORTED IN THE TOMB BY JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA WITH TWO ANGELS HOLDING THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE PASSION"; BY FILIPPINO LIPPI (1457-1504).

This masterly drawing was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton House. In common with the other illustrations on this page, it is on view at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's Old Bond Street Galleries in their current Exhibition of Old Master Drawings. (Pen and Brown Wash heightened with White.)

"important," which, to me, is a horrible, pompous word indicating that the thing is very rare and consequently very expensive. I dare say this is expensive, though I have not enquired—anyway, it ought to be, for here is the most exquisite modelling and the greatest possible dignity. I repeat, not "important," but a most noble and beautiful work. Too serious for the frivolous-minded? Then go and see "The Chevalier de Liroux playing a Bassoon" by Augustin de St. Aubin, drawn on June 23, 1764—a most friendly little sketch, both tender and subtle and funny.



ROYAL NEWS FROM THREE COUNTRIES, MR. EDEN, AND DISASTERS BY LAND AND SEA.



NOW HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE DANISH THRONE : THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS MARGRETHE. On June 5 King Frederik of Denmark signed a new Constitution which, among other reforms, made his eldest daughter, Princess Margrethe, heir-presumptive instead of his brother, Prince Knud. The Constitution was approved by two successive Parliaments and by at least 45 per cent. of the electorate in a referendum.



ON HIS WAY TO THE NEW ENGLAND BAPTIST HOSPITAL, BOSTON, TO UNDERGO A FURTHER OPERATION : MR. EDEN, WITH HIS WIFE. Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, arrived in Boston, U.S.A., by air on June 6 to undergo a third gall-bladder operation. A bulletin issued on June 7 stated : " Mr. Eden was seen in consultation by Dr. Frank Lahey and Dr. Richard Cattell. He was advised to undergo an operation on the main bile duct in a few days, after adequate preparation." Mrs. Eden is in the United States with her husband, and they were both seen off at London Airport by Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. Dr. Richard Cattell, a distinguished U.S. specialist, saw Mr. Eden in London on May 19. He was in England to lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons.



TO PERFORM MR. EDEN'S THIRD GALL-BLADDER OPERATION : DR. RICHARD CATTELL, OF THE LAHEY CLINIC, BOSTON.



AFTER COLLIDING IN THE DELAWARE RIVER : THE AMERICAN TANKERS PHOENIX AND PAN MASSACHUSETTS ERUPTING IN SMOKE AND FLAME. TWO MEN WERE KILLED AND ONE REPORTED MISSING.



TROOPING THE COLOUR TO MARK CORONATION DAY IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN : THE MARCH-PAST IN THE MAIFELD, WHERE MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. COLEMAN TOOK THE SALUTE.



THE ROYAL BARGE : THE P.L.A. LAUNCH NORE, FITTED FOR HER MAJESTY'S RIVER JOURNEYS. The P.L.A. launch Nore has been especially equipped with a canopy, topped with a crown and bearing the Royal Cypher, to serve as the Royal Barge, whenever the Queen travels on the London River. It was to be used by her for the first time on June 12, for her return from the City after the Guildhall luncheon. The special fittings are all removable and the launch can still be used for its normal duties.



THE ERUPTION ON AN ISLET IN THE MIDDLE OF A LAKE IN LONG ISLAND, NEW GUINEA : AERIAL VIEWS. An eruption from an islet in the centre of a lake on Long Island, which lies between New Britain Island and the eastern coast of New Guinea, has made it necessary to evacuate the native population of some 300 to the mainland ; and the inhabitants of all the adjacent islands have been warned to take precautions against volcanic activity. Steam, mud, ash and small pieces of rock were hurled some 300 ft. into the air. Our remarkable aerial photographs were taken by a pilot flying over the area.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN ON JUNE 2 BY LORD WOOLTON : THE CORONATION GLOVE. Although the Court of Claims rejected the claim of the London and Fort George Land Co., which administers the estates of the Duke of Newcastle, to present a glove for the Queen's right hand at the Coronation, her Majesty appointed Lord Woolton to present a glove embroidered on the back with the Royal Cypher. This service was previously performed by the Lord of the Manor of Worksop.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



seem to be able to get established in my garden. For me they are a small class apart, for which the term "difficult" does not seem quite appropriate. "Reluctant" is the nearest I can get. We all know difficult plants. Things like *Eritrichium nanum*, which may appear to be flourishing at lunch-time, and then snuff out whilst you go for tea. *Aquilegia alpina* is a typical example of what I would call a



"A LOVELY, EASY-GOING THING" IN THE ALPS BUT A "RELUCTANT ALPINE" IN ENGLISH GARDENS: *Viola calcarata*, SEEN IN FLOWER IN THE SWISS ALPS.

Photograph by E. Gyger.

reluctant Alpine. It grows heartily enough in the Alps, as, for instance, on the far side of the lake at Mont Cenis, and among the alder scrub on a certain hillside at the Col de Lautaret. So lovely is it, with its huge, wide-spreading, sapphire blossoms, that time after time, and each time that I have seen it there, I have wasted hours in fruitless efforts to find young plants or baby seedlings that I might nurse home, swaddled in moss. Only once did I achieve a living, flowering plant at home, but before it had time to set seed, evil befell it at the hands of some monster—a garden-boy, or maybe a gremlin. I forget which. Fresh seed would be the best chance, as it is with the almost equally beautiful *Aquilegia glandulosa*. I once bought seed of *alpina* from a most distinguished Continental source. The name on the packet was the nearest thing to *Aquilegia alpina* about the transaction; the name, and the freshness of the seed. It germinated to a man, grew with alarming vigour. Long before it produced its crop of sour-coloured "grannie night-caps," all double and frilled and goffered, the coarse foliage had given the fraud away. The leaves of true *A. alpina* are fine and delicate, in soft green. The only really safe plan would be to go to one of its Alpine stations, collect seed, and treat it in the only successful way for growing and flowering *Aquilegia glandulosa*. Or the only way that I have found successful. But seed-time for *Aquilegia alpina* in the Alps is two or three weeks after I have always left for home. Nevertheless, I may as well give the plan for raising, growing and flowering *A. glandulosa* which succeeded so well when I grew it by the thousand at Stevenage.

There are still folk who remember certain exhibits of *glandulosa* that I put up at Chelsea long ago. First get your fresh seed. Sow it at once, as soon after harvesting it as possible. Sow thinly, broadcast, on a well-prepared seed-bed in open ground. Good, well-dug kitchen-garden loam suits it. The seedlings should come up within a few weeks. Leave them where they are, until next spring. Then, when they have started into growth and made three or four young leaves, lift the seedlings carefully and plant them in good loam where they are to flower the following year. I was taught that method by my original foreman at Six Hills, the late Cecil Davies, one of the cleverest cultivators of Alpines I ever knew. I say one of the cleverest. Other, even cleverer, growers than he have since tried other methods with *A. glandulosa*,

### RELUCTANT ALPINES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and failed, time after time. Our soil at Six Hills at Stevenage was a rather stiff, yellowish loam. Three summers ago I brought home from the Col de Lautaret a youngish-middle-aged plant of *Aquilegia alpina*, which I extracted from its hillside only after a major operation in the way of sapping. It has lived since then in company with a compatriot, *Viola calcarata*, which I collected at the same time. They have lived together in a slightly-raised bed of loam full of oolitic limestone rubble. The *viola* has spread into a mat about 18 ins. across, and each spring has produced a fair sprinkling of its lavender-blue flowers, whilst the *aquilegia* has contented itself with a crop of its very distinctive and delicately refined foliage. This year, however, it has started to throw up a definite central stem, which I feel pretty sure should flower—slugs and gremlins permitting. I have no garden-boy. That is what I call a reluctant plant. But if it should produce a crop of seeds this year, maybe it will lead to a way round its coyness.

*Viola calcarata* is another reluctant Alpine. It is extremely abundant in many places in the Alps, as, for instance, at Lautaret, where it grows by the million and by the acre—the hundred acre—both in the short High Alpine turf and in comparative isolation on broken ground. In colour the flowers vary enormously, pale and dark lavender-

blue, mauve, rosy mauve, occasionally almost pure pink—and white. It looks as though it should be easy to grow in the garden and, in fact, it is not really difficult. Not always anyway. Yet somehow or other, though I have collected it and brought it home many times over a course of many years, always being tempted to take specimens of outstandingly attractive colour, it has seldom settled in and become in captivity the lovely, easy-going thing it is at home in the Alps. The one I have now has had no special treatment or attention, and certainly it has grown well and flowered



A PLANT OF THE "HIGH ALPINE LAWNS WHICH ONE HARDLY EVER SEES AT HOME IN ROCK GARDENS"—*Trifolium alpinum*, WHICH HAS A STRONG, WARM, ROSE-LIKE FRAGRANCE THAT FILLS THE AIR ON SUNNY, STILL DAYS. [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

moderately well. Yet it is reluctant, slightly coy, rather than enthusiastic. Its relatively few flowers, however, are, to me, a vivid reminder of holidays in the High Alps.

Another plant of the High Alpine lawns which one hardly ever sees at home in rock gardens is *Trifolium alpinum*. In the wild it spreads into wide mats, often several feet across. In general aspect, both of leaf and flower, the plant is strongly suggestive of clover. The leaflets are narrower, but the flower-heads, sitting almost stemless upon the ground, are very clover-like, and in colour close to the cool mauve-pink of our common "red" clover. But the scent is distinctive and very different from that of clover. Often I used to be puzzled by a strong, warm, rose-like fragrance that filled the air as one walked over the High Alpine flowered lawns on sunny, still days. At last, however, I traced the scent to *Trifolium alpinum*. But unfortunately it is one of the most difficult of all Alpines to collect. As difficult as *Aquilegia alpina* or *Anemone alpina*. It has a thick, almost woody root that goes plunging down to unknown depths. Hopelessly undig-able. And young seedlings are hard to find, and when found they bitterly resent disturbance. Only once have I extracted a smallish specimen and got it home alive. It lived for a year or two—reluctantly—and then—well, it just wasn't. Whether the gremlins took it or the angels, I could not say, but both are under suspicion. I believe the only way to succeed with *Trifolium alpinum* would be to collect seed. Young seedlings potted up for a short while, and then planted out at an early age, should solve the problem of this charming, fragrant but, with me so far, reluctant Alpine. But to collect seeds would mean staying on long after I care to remain in the Alps.

I prefer the Alps before the Soldanelles have departed, and before the great flush of holiday-makers has arrived.



"WITH ITS HUGE, WIDE-SPREADING, SAPPHIRE BLOSSOMS"—THE LOVELY *Aquilegia alpina*, IN A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS ITS FINE AND DELICATE SOFT GREEN FOLIAGE.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



# PEOPLE OF THE WEEK, THE CORONATION AND BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

**MR. CHUTER EDE.**

Designated a Companion of Honour. Mr. Chuter Ede is the Labour Member for South Shields. He was Home Secretary in the Labour Government of 1945-51; and was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, 1940-45; Deputy Leader of the House of Commons, 1947, and Leader of the House of Commons, March-October, 1951. He served as a sergeant in the East Surreys and R.E.s in World War I.

**COLONEL H. C. JOHN HUNT.**

The leader of the successful 1953 Everest expedition, who has been honoured with a knighthood by the Queen. In our last issue, dated June 6, we published a photograph of Mr. Edmund Hillary, who has now been appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire, and the Sherpa Tensing, who together reached the summit of the great mountain at 11.30 a.m. on Friday, May 29.

**MR. WALTER DE LA MARE.**

Awarded the Order of Merit. This well-known poet and author, who was born in 1873, was appointed a Companion of Honour in 1948. His works include: "Songs of Childhood" (1902); "Peacock Pie" (1913); "Lewis Carroll" (1932); "Memory and Other Poems" (1938); "The Burning Glass" (1945); "The Traveller" (1946); "Inward Companion" (1950); and "Winged Chariot" (1951).

**LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR IAN FRASER.**

Designated a Companion of Honour. Lt.-Colonel Sir Ian Fraser, Unionist Member for Morecambe and Lonsdale, has been chairman of the Executive Council of St. Dunstan's since 1921, and National President of the British Legion since 1947. He is the author of "Whereas I Was Blind." He was blinded in World War I, and is a member of the Council of the National Institute for the Blind.

**MR. BENJAMIN BRITTEN.**

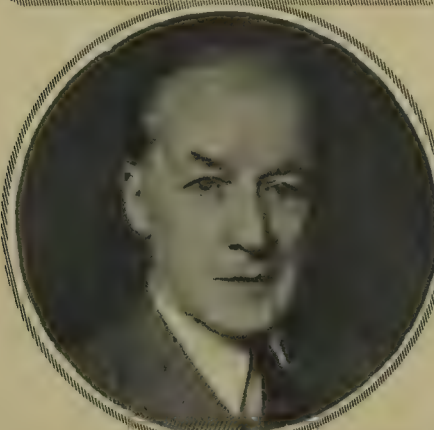
Designated a Companion of Honour. Mr. Benjamin Britten, one of the most distinguished of contemporary British musicians, is the composer of "Gloriana," the Coronation opera performed for the first time before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Covent Garden on June 8. His other operas include "Peter Grimes," "Albert Herring" and "Billy Budd," and he has composed songs, orchestral works, piano and chamber music.



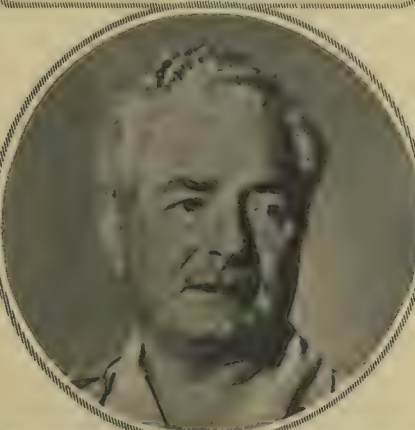
AT HIS HOME WITH HIS WIFE AND ONE OF HIS DOGS: GORDON RICHARDS, DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR, WHO WON THE DERBY ON PINZA. Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, was designated a Knight Bachelor in the same week in which he won the Derby on Sir Victor Sassoon's *Pinza*. It was the famous jockey's twenty-eighth attempt to win this great race, and his success met with a great reception from the crowd. Gordon Richards, who was born in 1904, broke the world record when he rode his 4500th winner on July 17, 1952.

**MR. THOMAS JOHNSTON.**

Designated a Companion of Honour. Mr. Thomas Johnston is the chairman of the North Scotland Hydro-Electric Board and chairman of the Scottish Tourist Board. He was Lord Privy Seal in 1931 and Secretary of State for Scotland, 1941-45. The founder of *Forward*, he edited the paper for twenty-seven years. His books include "The History of the Working Classes in Scotland"; "Our Noble Families"; and "The Financiers and the Nation."

**MR. EDMUND DULAC.**

Died on May 25, aged seventy. A distinguished painter and designer, he was best known as an illustrator of fairy-tales and, more recently, as an outstanding designer of postage-stamps. Granted British nationality in 1912, he was born in Toulouse in 1882, and began to illustrate books in 1905. The stamps he designed included the Coronation issue of 1937, and the portrait cameo of King George VI. on issues during his reign.

**GENERAL SIR GEORGE ERSKINE.**

Reached Nairobi by air on June 7 to take up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, East Africa, now a separate Command. He is charged with the conduct of all military measures required to restore law and order in Kenya, and for this purpose will exercise full command over all colonial, auxiliary, police and security forces. General Erskine commanded in Egypt during the disturbances of the winter of 1951-52.

**SIR DAVID ECCLES.**

Appointed a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order and bestowed with the accolade by the Queen on June 3. Sir David, who has been Minister of Works since 1951, was the Minister mainly responsible for the Coronation arrangements. He described himself as "the Earl Marshal's handyman—the fellow whose job it is to set the stage and build a theatre inside Westminster Abbey." He has been Conservative M.P. for Chippenham since 1943.

**MR. JOHN GIELGUD.**

Designated a Knight Bachelor. A distinguished actor and producer, he was born in 1904 and first appeared on the stage at the Old Vic in 1921. He is at present appearing in "Venice Preserv'd," the last of his season of three plays at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Last year he directed "Macbeth" at Stratford-on-Avon; and directed "Much Ado About Nothing," and played Benedick at the Phoenix Theatre, London.

**MR. JACK HOBBS.**

Designated a Knight Bachelor. The great Surrey, England and, indeed, world batsman, who celebrated his seventieth birthday on December 16 last. His career started at the Oval against the bowling of W. G. Grace. In 1934 he retired after having made 197 centuries and more runs than anyone else has ever done. He took part in forty-one Test Matches against Australia. He now lives at Hove and plays golf and writes about cricket.

**MR. W. T. TILDEN.**

Died at Hollywood, California, on June 6, aged sixty. Regarded by many as the greatest lawn tennis player of all time, he was the American holder of the Wimbledon lawn tennis singles title in 1920, 1921 and 1930. Seven times he was U.S.A. champion and he appeared in every Davis Cup challenge round between 1920 and 1930, when for the first eight years he never lost a singles match.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### MIMICRY: A DEBATABLE SUBJECT.

A FEW days ago, an insect on the woodwork of the porch caught my attention. About an inch long, it had a somewhat elongated body, noticeably long legs and antennæ, and its colour was generally blackish with yellow markings. It was alert, flying from one spot to another as I approached for a closer look, in a flight reminiscent of a tiger-beetle's flight. It did not take long to identify it: it was a wasp-beetle. According to the books, it is frequently to be seen on fences and gates, but I must confess this was the first I remember having seen. This may brand me as entomologically inexperienced; or, what I am inclined to suspect, it is a case similar to my experience with the cardinal-beetle.

It was some years ago that I read of this beetle, with its deep-red colour and jet-black legs and antennæ, which "makes no effort to hide away and crawls slowly, exposing itself to view on nettles and other roadside herbage." I tried to find it and failed. I drew my children into the search, on the supposition that young eyes are more keen and more observant. For the whole of that season we searched the nettles and roadside herbage wherever we went, even going out of our way to find more to search, but never once did we find this red beetle. I was out on a field

day with a friend, a first-class naturalist, the following year and, in response to his remark that he often failed to find the things described in books as common, I told him my story of the cardinal-beetle. At the end of my recital he bent down to pick something up from the grass at the side of the path. It was a cardinal-beetle.

This is not an inappropriate digression, for it was while seeking further information on the wasp-beetle that I was led once more on to the question of mimicry, and that is another subject upon which I am not too ready to take everything I read. The theory of mimicry is applied more particularly to insects. It postulates that certain creatures bear a close resemblance to other creatures, known as the models, and that they gain benefits from this. It presupposes that the model itself is protected against attack by enemies owing to unpalatable or other noxious qualities. So the mimic, itself palatable, deceives its would-be enemies by its sham warning coloration. In other words, it is mistaken for its model and its enemies leave it alone as a consequence, because experience has taught them that the model is not good to eat. For complete success, however, certain conditions must be fulfilled. The mimic and its model must inhabit the same locality. Further, the mimic must be less common than the model, or it will gain little benefit by resembling something much less often seen than itself. Also, if the mimic were the more numerous, the model would tend to be destroyed through being taken for the mimic.

The theory has been the subject of much doubt and controversy. Its claims have been hotly contested by those who aver that the resemblance between the mimic and the model is coincidental and not due to natural selection. Certainly there is a great weight of evidence in favour of the theory, especially from insects of tropical and subtropical regions, where presumably the competition is more intense and the consequent struggle for

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

existence tends to throw things into bolder relief than in the temperate zones. Even so, the underlying principle should not be different, whether in the tropics or anywhere else.

Having been interested in this subject, and having taken particular note of examples in this country, I have tended to side with those who regard this supposed mimicry

as accidental, for although the theory is upheld by many good examples, even in this country, there seems to be an equal number that contradict it, or fail to support it. Moreover, when the numbers of supposed cases of mimicry are treated as a percentage of the total number of species of insects, it is seen as too low a figure to be significant. Finally, the theory implies too great an importance in the action of predators as

than I have and I would not expect them to be taken in. If, however, emphasis is given to the black and yellow colouring, then there is something to be said. Even so, black and yellow as warning colours are widely found in insects and other groups of animals, as a symbol of unpalatability or other noxious qualities, but that has little to do with the theory of mimicry.

My favourite argument against the theory of mimicry is based on another insect to be seen in this country. The humming-bird hawk-moth is the size of a humming-bird. It takes nectar from flowers, hovering before them, with its wings quivering at such a rate that they look like a mist on either side of the body, just like a humming-bird, and when the long tongue is uncoiled to be inserted into the flower, so that it looks like a slender beak, the resemblance to a humming-bird is remarkable. To make the "mimicry" more sure, it has the darting flight of a humming-bird, and it is in sufficiently low numbers that if we had humming-birds in this country the list of characteristics for a successful mimic would be complete, except that the humming-bird is neither unpalatable nor noxious, and the mimic would gain nothing from a resemblance to it.

It is far more convincing to suppose that this is a case of convergent evolution. In other words, the resemblance between the two is accidental, using the word in the evolutionist's sense. It is because they are built alike that they look alike, and the mechanics of their structure being so alike they have both found



IN FLIGHT BEARING A VERY CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO THE BIRD AFTER WHICH IT IS NAMED: THE HUMMING-BIRD HAWK-MOTH, AN IMMIGRANT TO BRITAIN FROM THE CONTINENT, ALTHOUGH IT SOMETIMES OVERWINTERS HERE.

In flight the humming-bird hawk-moth bears a very close resemblance to the bird after which it is named, and even at rest, the shape of the body and, especially, the "tail" are sufficiently birdlike to invite comparison. But whereas this hawk-moth ranges over Europe and Asia, humming-birds belong to America, and there can be no question of mimicry. [Photographs by Ernest G. Neal.]

a factor in natural selection. Returning to the wasp-beetle I can only say that it did not remind me of a wasp, although it has been used as an outstanding example of a beetle mimicking a wasp. The shape of the body was wrong; the length of the legs was not that of a wasp's legs, the flight was wrong, the antennæ were wrong; in short, it did not deceive me for a moment. I do not know what its enemies are, but if we must presume them to be birds, then my comment is that birds have much sharper eyes



HAVING A CONSPICUOUS WHITE LINE RUNNING ALONG EACH SIDE OF THE BODY, WHICH IS GREEN AND BROWN IN COLOUR WITH WHITE DOTS: CATERPILLARS OF THE HUMMING-BIRD HAWK-MOTH, WHOSE GREENISH EGGS ARE LAID ON THE BEDSTRAWS, THE CATERPILLARS EMERGING IN JULY AND AUGUST TO FEED ON THE PLANT.

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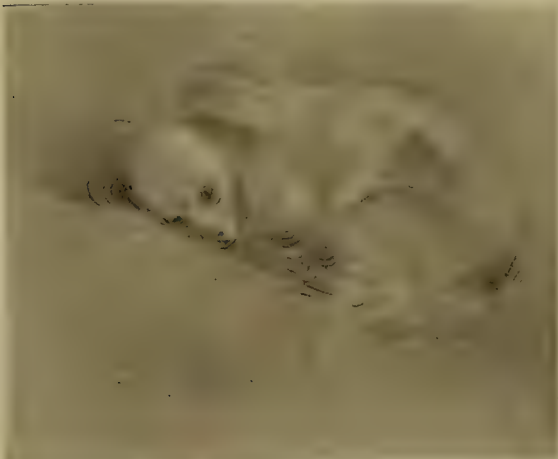
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a niche as nectar-feeders. But if the two were living in the same habitat, they would presumably provide an unanswerable argument in favour of the theory of mimicry.

There may be genuine examples of mimicry within the terms of the theory, but the theory itself is not helped by over-straining it to include those of doubtful quality.



# "BIRDS AND BEASTS": AN UNUSUAL ART EXHIBITION.



"A KING CHARLES SPANIEL PUPPY"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). (Black chalk heightened with white on blue paper; 6½ by 8 ins.) (Lent by Mr. Gilbert Davis.)



"STUDY OF A HORSE"; BY CHARLES ANTOINE COYPEL (1694-1752). (Black and red chalks; 11 by 16 ins.) (Lent by Mr. Paul Oppé.)



"A LOBSTER"; SCHOOL OF ALBRECHT DÜRER, ONE OF THE WORKS ON VIEW AT THE MATTHIESEN GALLERY. (Water-colour; 12½ by 5½ ins.)



"A POODLE"; BY JOHN DOWNMAN, A.R.A. (1750-1824). FROM AN ALBUM MADE UP BY THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER IN 1825. (Black chalk and stump; 13 by 8½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. J. Byam Shaw.)



"A STAG BEETLE"; BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528). SIGNED WITH THE MONOGRAM, AND DATED 1505. (Gouache and water-colour; 5½ by 4½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Granville Tyser.)

# FIVE CENTURIES OF ANIMAL PORTRAITURE IN EUROPE.



"HEAD OF A RHINOCEROS"; BY FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A. (1822-1904), KNOWN FOR HIS EGYPTIAN SUBJECTS. (Water-colour; 7½ by 8½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Paul Oppé.)



"A DOG BEGGING"; BY WILLIAM HENRY HUNT (1790-1864), A PUPIL OF JOHN VARLEY. (Water-colour; 6½ by 3½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Gilbert Davis.)



"RABBITS OUTSIDE THEIR WARREN"; BY JACQUES CHARLES OUDRY (1720-1778). SIGNED AND DATED 1767. (Oil on canvas; 27½ by 35½ ins.)

"Birds and Beasts" is the title of an exhibition of paintings and drawings of five centuries at the Matthiesen Gallery, New Bond Street. Artists of many European schools and countries are represented, some famous, others less so; but all the works on view are notable for quality and lively charm. The drawing of a Stag Beetle, by Albrecht Dürer, one of the few drawings by that master in private hands, was formerly in the Oppenheimer Collection. The Poodle, by



"TWO BEAGLES"; BY ALFRED DE DREUX (1810-1860), WHO WAS KNOWN AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER. SIGNED D. P. ALFRED DE DREUX. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 39½ ins.)

Downman, a painter usually associated with pencil and colour portraits of late eighteenth-century beauties, shows that he had an equal talent for recording canine charm; and the drawing of a King Charles Spaniel Puppy, by Gainsborough, is exquisite. The study of the animal's paw in the foreground should be noted. William Henry Hunt was a pupil of Varley; and Frederick Goodall is best remembered for his Egyptian subjects.



# THE BURIAL OF A CELTIC PRINCESS OF 2500 YEARS AGO:

UNIQUE GREEK AND ETRUSCAN WORKS OF ART,  
WHICH REVISE OUR IDEAS OF HOMAGE CULTURE.

By RENÉ JOFFROY, Director of the Excavations at Vix and Curator  
of the Museum of Chatillon-sur-Seine.

THE discovery of a princely tomb of the first Iron Age in the north of the Côte d'Or Department, at Vix, near Chatillon-sur-Seine, is a remarkable archaeological event, both on account of the importance of the furnishings brought to light, and because it is possible to establish a relation between this tomb and the important *oppidum* of Mont Lassois, which dominates the actual village of Vix. This *oppidum*, which was discovered in 1930, is being systematically dug and each campaign brings to light a number of new "documents" for the study of the civilisation of the Late Hallstatt era. Several hundred brooches, of a type with a long pin, often decorated with coral, nearly five hundred shuttle discs, weapons, jewels and, above all, an incredible number of pottery fragments (approaching a million), of which 40,000 are

followed by a *hoplite* or heavy-armed soldier (Figs. 6, 11 and 12). The style and preservation of these motifs are remarkable, and it is noteworthy that the eight groups of horses are all in different attitudes.

The lid of the *crater*, which has two handles ending in palmettes, has at its centre a conical boss surmounted by a very beautiful female statue 0.19 metres (7½ ins.) high, of a very pure line (Figs. 3 and 4). It has an archaic (or archaistic) charm and is in a style entirely different from that of the motifs which decorate the neck of the vessel.

This vase is the largest yet found—its height is 1.40 metres (4 ft. 7½ ins.) and its total weight exceeds 160 Kg. (353 lb.). On account of this size and the mass of stones which covered it originally (Fig. 10), it is out of shape and broken in places, but its restoration appears easy.

On the lid of the vase had been laid a silver *patena* with a boss of gold, unadorned, and two Greek cups, one black and plain, the other of an Attic fabric, with black figures showing two scenes of combat between foot-soldiers. This would seem to be a cup of the type named after the English archaeologist, Droop, and made about 530 B.C.

On the soil of the tomb, against the foot of the vase, lay a wine-jug, with a trefoil spout and a palm-etched handle comparable with Etruscan specimens

iron tyres were relatively well-preserved, and each wheel had ten spokes which radiated from a nave or hub covered with eight circlets in sheet bronze (Fig. 7). This type of nave (hitherto unknown in France) has been met with in Germany (Bad Canstatt, Burrenhof, etc.).

Of the chariot itself (which was set in the centre of the tomb on a north-south axis) there remain only the metal adornments. The sides of the body of the chariot had been decorated with motifs of pierced bronze alternating with balusters of the same metal. At the two ends of the chariot I found thin plaques of sheet bronze stamped and engraved.

The body, that of a woman of about thirty, had been set inside the chariot, laid on the back, with the bust slightly raised. The head, which had tumbled out of position, still carried a magnificent diadem of gold weighing 495 grams (c. 17½ ozs. avoird.) (Fig. 5). This jewel is formed of an extended arc, each end of which consists of a lion's paw resting on an orb delicately decorated with motifs in repoussé. Resting on each orb is a little winged horse of particularly careful work, itself resting on a pedestal of filigree. This is the first time that a Hallstattian chariot tomb in France or Germany has furnished a gold jewel of non-indigenous manufacture.

The neck had been adorned with a torque of tubular bronze, covered with a leather thong twisted in a spiral. This object had fallen and was found at the level of the pelvis. At the level of the breast I collected a necklace of seven beads of amber (of which three had a diameter of over 1½ ins.) and four beads of hard polished stone and seven brooches—two of iron, five of bronze. The bronze brooches are of a rare type—the boss chiselled and decorated with coral riveted to the base, the arc supporting a disc of amber set in a cup, a very long spring with an exterior false cord to the little buckles. One of the iron brooches, very rusted and unfortunately defective, is ornamented with two bosses of gold holding a piece of coral. Bracelets of schist made locally—Mont Lassois has furnished hundreds of fragments of these—and bracelets of beads of amber mounted on a bronze ribbon adorned each wrist. Each ankle carried a ring of hollow bronze of circular section, decorated with parallel lines. Finally, the body of the chariot had been covered with a sheet of leather ornamented here and there with bronze discs.

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 1. PROBABLY OF ETRUSCAN ORIGIN, BUT FOUND IN A BURGUNDIAN CHARIOT BURIAL OF 2500 YEARS AGO: A WINE-JUG, WITH A TREFOIL SPOUT AND A HANDLE ENDING IN A PALMETTE.

decorated with a geometric design painted in slip—all these bear witness to the importance of the site.

Hitherto, the whereabouts of the necropolis had escaped me; but in January 1953, during methodical prospecting of the fields below the *oppidum*, I discovered a very rich tomb.

Originally this was an enormous tumulus of more than 40 metres (43½ yards) diameter, and about 4 or 5 metres (13 to 16½ ft.) high. During the Romano-Gallic era this tumulus was razed and the stone of which it was built used as road-metal for an ancient Gaulish road which passes several hundred yards away. In our time, only a few stones, torn up by the plough and deriving from the lowest course of the mound, still indicated the site of the tomb.

The centre of the mound was occupied by a huge square shaft 3 metres (9 ft. 10 ins.) square, and about 3 metres deep, below ground-level. At each corner of this shaft were found traces of stakes supporting the plank walls which made a kind of large coffer. The methodical excavation of the tomb, considerably hindered by atmospheric conditions and the presence of standing water, lasted rather more than a month.

We first found, in the north-west corner, an enormous *crater* of bronze with voluted handles decorated

(Fig. 1) and those found in certain chariot tombs of the Marne, notably that at the Meillet Gorge.

Beside the west wall of the tomb, one above the other, were two bronze basins with straight handles whose attachment plaques were decorated with palmettes. These had been placed one inside the other. They had as neighbour a large *lebes*, or washing-basin, 0.56 metres (1 ft. 10 ins.) in diameter, also set against this wall.

Along the opposite wall had been set the four wheels of the chariot, dismounted from it (Fig. 2). The



FIG. 2. THE FOUR IRON WHEELS OF THE CELTIC CHARIOT, AS THEY WERE FOUND LEANING AGAINST ONE OF THE WALLS OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED TOMB OF A PRINCESS AT VIX, IN THE CÔTE D'OR DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN FRANCE. FOR A DRAWING OF ONE OF THE HUBS SEE FIG. 7.



## THE GOLD DIADEM OF A CELTIC PRINCESS, AND A SUPERB STATUETTE.



FIGS. 3 AND 4. OF SINGULAR BEAUTY AND PURITY OF LINE: THE FEMALE STATUETTE IN ARCHAIC STYLE WHICH CROWNED THE LID OF THE HUGE CRATER FROM THE VIX CHARIOT BURIAL OF 500 B.C. THE STATUETTE, BOTH PROFILES OF WHICH ARE SHOWN, IS  $7\frac{1}{2}$  INS. HIGH AND COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM THE RELIEFS (FIGS. 6, 11, 12).

*Continued.]*

Such were the extremely rich furnishings of this tomb. It is simple to state that they comprise two well-distinguished series—one consisting of objects of indigenous manufacture, bracelets, torques, anklets, brooches, chariot; the other of imported objects, the crater, bowls, washing-basin, wine-jug, pottery cups. One or other of these series lead one to date the tomb to the extreme end of the Hallstatt Period, about 500 B.C. The origin of the imported objects seems pretty complex at first sight. The crater evokes, although much larger, those found in the necropolis of Trebenischte, in Yugoslavia. It seems to be of Greek manufacture. The pottery cups also are Greek, but the wine-jug and the bowls must be attributed to Etruscan workshops. Hallstattian chariot burials are rare in France, only eight being known—two in Poitou, the others in Franche-comté and in

*[Continued opposite.]*



FIG. 5. THE DIADEM OF GOLD WHICH WAS FOUND STILL AROUND THE BROWS OF THE CELTIC PRINCESS WHOSE GRAVE HAS JUST BEEN FOUND AT VIX. IT WEIGHS  $17\frac{1}{2}$  OZS. AVOIRDUPOIS AND THE ENDS OF THE ARC FORM LION'S PAWS CLASPING ORBS. AGAINST THESE PAWS REST FILIGREE CIRCLES CARRYING EXQUISITE SMALL-WINGED HORSES. THIS JEWEL IS UNIQUE.

*Continued.]*

Burgundy. The mounds of Saint-Colombe, situated less than 3 km. ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles) from Vix, have furnished, the one a beautiful tripod surmounted with a washing-basin with griffon heads, the other bracelets and ear-rings of gold; and these belong indisputably to the civilisation of Vix but were unfortunately excavated in the course of the last century, in a far from methodical manner. One can wonder how it came about that articles so large or so precious reached northern Gaul. It would seem that the objects were imported into Burgundy not *via* the Rhône Valley but rather by way of the north of the Alps and the valley of the Danube. By their state of preservation, their quality and by their abundant quantity, the finds at Vix have a very great importance and will enrich still further the Museum of Chatillon-sur-Seine, which already possesses a remarkable proto-historic collection.



## GREEK SCULPTURES FROM A BURGUNDIAN TOMB: EXQUISITE RELIEFS FROM A VASE.



FIG. 6. ELEMENTS OF THE WONDERFUL BRONZE RELIEFS WHICH WERE APPLIQUE TO THE HUGE BRONZE CRATER, FOUND IN THE GRAVE AT VIX.

(RIGHT.)

FIG. 7.  
THE HUBS OF  
THE WHEELS  
OF THE  
CHARIOT WERE  
FOUND IN THE  
GRAVE; AND  
THIS DRAWING  
SHOWS HOW THE  
TEN SPOKES  
WERE INSET  
AND THE HUB  
COVERED WITH  
EIGHT CIRCLETS  
OF BRONZE  
SHEET.



THE truly astonishing discoveries from a Burgundian tomb of about 500 B.C. made by M. René Joffroy and described by him on pages 998 and 999 and illustrated here, come as something of a shock to the general reader with a classical background, one who has accepted the Ancient Greek and Roman attitude that all other peoples were barbarian and barbaric, that, in fact, the "jungle" began at the *limes*. This grave of a Celtic Princess is situated in Burgundy and is dated, by various cross references, to about 500 B.C. That is to say, it was before the Greece of Pericles and contemporary with Themistocles and the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. Rome was still struggling against the might of the Etruscans—it is the time of Horatius and the Bridge. Yet into the remote fastnesses of Celtic Burgundy—far from the Mediterranean civilisations—had been imported such masterpieces of art and craftsmanship as the golden diadem (Fig. 5) and the enormous bronze crater with its wonderful frieze of horses, chariots and charioteers and the marching *hoplites*. This frieze is the work of a sculptor who has mastered naturalistic representation and who can combine it into formalised composition with deceptive ease. The more one studies the groups of four horses, such as Fig. 12, the more one is lost in admiration of their mastery. The Hallstatt era to which M. Joffroy refers is the name given to the first Iron Age of Central and Western Europe and the Balkans. It followed the Bronze Age and, indeed, overlapped it, dating roughly from 900 to 400 B.C. It is named after the classic site of Hallstatt, in Austria; and our subscribers may remember that a great Hallstatt Era discovery was described by Professor Absolon in our issue of October 19, 1946. This, too, concerned a Royal burial but was a century or more earlier, when a ruler was cremated at Byci Skala.



FIG. 8. ONE OF THE BRONZE LIONS WHICH SUPPORT THE SCROLLS OF THE HANDLES OF THE GREAT CRATER. THE STYLISATION OF THE MANE MAY BE COMPARED WITH THE MANES OF THE HORSES (FIGS. 11 AND 12).



FIG. 9. ONE OF THE HANDLES OF THE GREAT CRATER, SHOWING A GORGON WITH SERPENT LEGS AND SNAKES COILED ROUND THE ARMS. THIS HANDLE ALONE WEIGHS 99 LBS.



FIG. 10. THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE MAGNIFICENT AND UNIQUELY LARGE CRATER OF BRONZE FOUND IN THE VIX TOMB. A GORGON HANDLE (SEE ALSO FIG. 9) EMERGING FROM THE SOIL AND STONES WHICH CRUSHED THE VESSEL, BUT NOT BEYOND RESTORATION.





FIG. 11. PART OF THE SUPERB RELIEFS OF THE FRIEZE OF THE GREAT CRATER, FOUND AT VIX, HERE SEEN *IN SITU*. THE MOTIF OF THE FRIEZE—FOUR HORSES DRAWING A CHARIOT, A CHARIOTEER, WITH A FOLLOWING HOPLITE—IS REPEATED EIGHT TIMES, WITH SUBTLE VARIATIONS. THE CRATER ITSELF, WITH THE LID, STANDS OVER 4½ FT. HIGH.



FIG. 12. ONE OF THE EIGHT GROUPS OF FOUR HORSES FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE CRATER. THESE SCULPTURES, PRESUMABLY A CENTURY OLDER THAN THE ELGIN MARBLES, ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE REACHED BURGUNDY FROM GREECE VIA THE DANUBE VALLEY, IN AN AGE WHEN ROME WAS STRUGGLING FOR ITS EXISTENCE AGAINST THE ETRUSCANS.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## DARK AND BRIGHT.

By J. C. TREWIN

MENTION Venice, and anyone at all theatre-minded will know the reply. Thus Shakespearians go at once to Shylock the Jew and Othello the Moor. Savoyards will hum that most appropriate tune for the times:

Then one of us will be a Queen  
And sit on a golden throne,  
With a crown instead  
Of a hat on her head,  
And diamonds all her own!

But, before May this year, I doubt whether many persons would have remembered Otway and his "Venice Preserv'd." Here is a renowned play that, quite suddenly, dropped out of the theatre, sank without trace. "Sit down, you're rockin' the boat," sings Nicely-Nicely Johnson in "Guys and Dolls" (a work hardly in the Otway manner). The loss of "Venice Preserv'd" barely rocked the boat: it was not until John Gielgud, with Peter Brook to produce, chose it for the third of his plays at the Lyric, Hammersmith, that Otway's lost tragedy returned to life.

Before we go further, let me join the cheering at the news of John Gielgud's knighthood. He has done magnificent service to the theatre of his day. When he speaks Shakespeare, we hear the true voice; and few could have listened, unmoved, on the Coronation eve, to his broadcast as Prospero.

At Hammersmith now his voice is helping to transform Otway. Some writers are puzzled to account for the fame of "Venice Preserv'd" across two centuries. They hold that there are few quotable lines; that the verse does not gleam. The answer, surely, is clear. Otway's verse serves its purpose. What matters is the theatrical fibre of the tragedy, its acting qualities. Jaffier, Pierre and Belvidera are parts that must excite when competently expressed; and the Hammersmith production is far more than merely competent.

The thunder at the Lyric premiere was for Otway as well as for his interpreters. That morning, in a forgotten book of theatrical reminiscence, I had seen a casual reference to "Venice Preserv'd" as "next to Shakespeare"; indeed, that was for long a stock phrase. Early in the nineteenth century no one was surprised when Byron could write, in "Childe Harold," of the glories of Venice: "Shylock and the Moor, and Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—the keystones of the arch!" The gallant Pierre of "Venice Preserv'd" was then safe in the repertoire. Yet, until Paul Scofield's present restoration at Hammersmith, Pierre had been for many decades only a name. We are told that Otway should not be mentioned in the same breath as Byron. No doubt; but we do know how much Byron admired "Venice Preserv'd" and Matthew Arnold's words for him can serve for this finest Restoration tragedy: "He taught us little, but our soul had felt him like the thunder's roll."

"Venice Preserv'd" is a tale of conspiracy against the State, against the "eldest child of Liberty" which then hardly deserved the title. Otway describes the play as "A Plot Discover'd," and the third scene of the last act is "A Place of Execution." The general trend, then, is clear; yet it was apparent at the Lyric that those who came fresh to Otway were fixed by his narrative power, the force of his character-development, the way in which Jaffier, a weaker Brutus, yielding to the entreaties of Belvidera, betrays his friend Pierre and the conspirators against the

Senate. The symbol of the tragedy might be a dagger. It is with his dagger that Jaffier does redeem his treachery—with a double stroke upon which an attendant Officer has the only possible comment: "Heaven grant I die so well!"

John Gielgud's Jaffier, self-torturing, and Paul Scofield's Pierre (like a Shakespearean rebel, "all on fire to go") are nobly-spoken, nobly-matched. Eileen Herlie does not hesitate over Belvidera, whose madness in the ghost scene that ends the play must challenge

any actress. Pamela Brown is all claws as the harlot Aquilina: her incidental hurly-burly with the senator Antonio is inferior stuff, worked in by Otway as a satire upon Lord Shaftesbury. But, throughout the night, the play lunges from the text. It is dagger-keen. Peter Brook, with his gift for finding the heart of a piece, has put it on the stage with an imaginative clarity against Leslie Hurry's atmospheric settings: brooding canal, dark-arched cellar of conspiracy, far distances of the Senate House, ominous scaffold. This is a classical restoration for future record. Besides giving to us Gielgud and Scofield at height, it lets us appreciate again what one of the major producers of London said recently and generously (at a

would have troubled the mid-Victorians of Twickenham on the summer night of their ball, and on the mildly damp regatta afternoon that moved happily to an evening of fireworks (the lines would have been apt on Coronation night: "They fill the sky with their sparkling flowers, Oh! Oh! look at the golden showers").

Eleanor and the late Herbert Farjeon's musical play is as winning now as we were told it was in the 'thirties. I did not see it then, and was prepared to doubt; but the revival has triumphed. The Farjeons never mock their Victorians; they laugh with them, affectionately: this is not a teasing bit of little theatre wool-work, but a happy and mellow night, a flickering of album-leaves, a tinkling and twinkling of period melodies, and a cheerful lyric flow:

I'm pretty, pretty Patty,  
Pretty Patty Moss!  
I trip behind the footlights,  
And sometimes trip across!

Daphne Anderson, as the bright flourish of an actress, swoops gaily through her part. And, as her husband Edward, who keeps a rendezvous with a girl in a gazebo, Hugh Paddick now gets a name for himself in the London theatre: this is an expertly-feathered performance of the part on which the whole business turns. Edward mixes the bouquets, the pink bouquet to Laura, the white bouquet to Kate; by bringing the wrong partners together, he sends off the plot on its gentle hubble-bubble way. Derek Oldham, Sara Gregory, Sonia Williams: these are names to greet, and it is worth calling at the St. Martin's to hear Mrs. Gill, the mother (Rose Hill), as she contemplates the night:

I heard some language spoken  
That would not pass at court,  
A claret glass was broken  
And the charlotte russe ran short!  
Still it was, after all,  
A success as a ball. . . .

Of course it was. And so, in spite of some first-



"A MAJOR CLASSIC REVIVAL . . . AND THE HAMMERSMITH PRODUCTION IS FAR MORE THAN MERELY COMPETENT": "VENICE PRESERV'D"—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY THOMAS OTWAY AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, SHOWING ANTONIO (RICHARD WORDSWORTH) AND AQUILINA (PAMELA BROWN). THIS IS THE THIRD PLAY IN JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH; THE PRODUCER IS PETER BROOK AND THE SCENERY AND PRINCIPALS' COSTUMES ARE BY LESLIE HURRY.

Shropshire drama conference we were both attending), that Peter Brook is first among the producers of our day. After this we put Jaffier and Pierre once more with "the keystones of the arch."

The period of "The Two Bouquets" (St. Martin's) is just about the time when "Venice Preserv'd" was disappearing from the theatre. Not, I agree, that any thought of this



"ELEANOR AND THE LATE HERBERT FARJEON'S MUSICAL PLAY IS AS WINNING NOW AS WE WERE TOLD IT WAS IN THE 'THIRTIES . . . THE REVIVAL HAS TRIUMPHED": "THE TWO BOUQUETS" (ST. MARTIN'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) MR. GILL (DEREK OLDHAM), JULIAN BROMLEY (ANDREW DOWNIE), KATE GILL (SARA GREGORY), LAURA RIVERS (SONIA WILLIAMS), ALBERT PORTER (DENIS MARTIN), MRS. GILL (ROSE HILL); AND PATTY MOSS (DAPHNE ANDERSON) AND EDWARD GILL (HUGH PADDICK) IN THE FOREGROUND.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TWO BOUQUETS" (St. Martin's).—Victorian bouquets—and uncommonly charming. (May 12.)  
"HIGH SPIRITS" (Hippodrome).—Diana Churchill and Cyril Ritchard in a sharply-pointed revue. (May 13.)  
"THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH" (Aldwych).—An American comedy, good-natured but protracted: Brian Reece and Rosemary Harris bravely keep smiling. (May 14.)  
"VENICE PRESERV'D" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A major classic revival. (May 15.)  
"LE JEU DE L'AMOUR ET DU HASARD" and "ON NE SAURAIT PENSER A TOUT" (St. James's).—The Comédie Française chooses Marivaux and Alfred de Musset for an elegant double bill in the last week of its season. (May 18–May 23.)  
"TWELFTH NIGHT" (Embassy).—Well-planned but under-spoken. (May 20.)  
"SECOND BEST BED" (Arts).—A tedious comedy about Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. (May 20.)  
"DIDO AND AENEAS" (Mermaid).—Kirsten Flagstad in fine voice. (May 21.)  
"THREE IN A ROW" (Unity).—An amateur rendering of three rich O'Casey playlets. (May 22.)  
"HAPPY AS A KING" (Princes).—Skimble-skamble musical comedy, with Fred Emney. (May 23.)  
"HAMLET" (Embassy).—Laurence Payne's highly distinguished performance has our respect. (May 26.)  
"THE UNINVITED GUEST" (St. James's).—John Mills acts strongly in a not very persuasive drama. (May 27.)  
"TWELFTH NIGHT" (Regent's Park).—Salute to Robert Atkins on the coming-of-age of the Open Air Theatre. (May 27.)  
"GUYS AND DOLLS" (Coliseum).—Runyon's personages stand the Atlantic crossing well. (May 28.)  
"THE IMMORTAL HOUR" (Sadler's Wells).—The enchanted opera in revival. (May 28.)  
"HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN" (Covent Garden).—Frederick Ashton's loyal ballet for a Royal day. (June 2.)

night disagreement from the gallery, is the Runyonesque "Guys and Dolls" at the Coliseum, in an idiom that would have horrified dear Mrs. Gill. I will return to this: let me say simply that it is a blithe night for the English actress, Lizbeth Webb, as well as for her American colleagues.

There is another, and a milder, view of New York in "The Seven Year Itch" (Aldwych), a hard-working little charade-comedy that is better than its lamentable title, but that (for all the amiable legerdemain of Brian Reece and Rosemary Harris in two tricky parts) soon slips from memory. It is, I fear, one of those pieces doomed to be "swept or worn away."



# "THE ART OF DRAWING": THE RIVER OF GENIUS FOLLOWED FROM 1500.



"WOMAN'S HEAD IN PROFILE"; BY PABLO PICASSO (1881- ), ONE OF THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL OF CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.  
(Pen and water-colour; 15½ by 11½ ins.)



"A YOUNG MAN WITH A DOG"; BY GERARD TERBORCH (1584-1662), ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED MASTERS OF THE "GOLDEN AGE OF DUTCH ART."  
(Chalk; 13½ by 9½ ins.)



"STUDY OF A BEARDED MALE FIGURE"; BY ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721), A POWERFUL DRAWING BY THE FAMOUS FRENCH PAINTER OF *FÊTES GALANTES* (Chalk; 8½ by 7½ ins.)



"A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PLACE DE LOUIS LE GRAND"; BY CHARLES NICOLAS COCHIN (1715-1790), SHOWING THE GALLERIES PUT UP FOR THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DAUPHIN IN 1745.  
(Water-colour; 15½ by 31 ins.)



"SLEEPING WOLF"; BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX (1798-1863), ONE OF THE GREAT NINETEENTH-CENTURY ROMANTIC FRENCH PAINTERS. (Crayon; 13½ by 6 ins.)



"A MOTHER AND CHILD"; BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-1879). THE ATMOSPHERE AND FEELING OF MOVEMENT IN A LIGHT BREEZE ARE REMARKABLE. (6½ by 4½ ins.)

Coronation Year is being celebrated in the art world by means of a number of important London exhibitions, which offer visitors the chance of seeing some unusually fine collections. On this page we give a selection from "The Art of Drawing, 1500-1950," a display of wide range at Wildenstein's New Bond Street Galleries. The earliest works on view are three studies by Raphael (1483-1520), and the stream of art is followed through the centuries in France, Italy and the Netherlands until we reach modern times. The contemporary artists chosen for inclusion in the exhibition are Georges Rouault, born in 1871, and that most controversial of painters, Pablo Picasso, who is now in his seventy-second year. Both are represented by important series of drawings which form an instructive

and illuminating contrast to the work of earlier masters. Among the drawings on view by Jacques Louis David (1748-1825) are the sketches for his great painting, "The Oath of the Tennis Court," in which portraits of many of the leading figures in the French Revolution are included.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

### THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS time, if one were trying to find a "subject of the week"—which is a good though childish game—it would be something like co-operation. Each of these novels is concerned with group activity: with men as social beings, members, in theory, of one another, bound to a common task. So the prognosis is not gay; for though, of course, people do work together all the time, most of the time they do it badly. That is the problem of the world; and as the group expands, the outlook naturally darkens. In "Former People," by Boris Watson (Harvill Press; 12s. 6d.), one would expect it to be pretty grim. This, though the shortest story, has the largest scope; it is a picture of a Russian village just after the Revolution.

Up at the House, a group of "former people" are marooned, waiting for change—that is, for the collapse of the régime. It will collapse, no doubt, in a few months; and till then Malo-Sobachina is a kind of ark, leaky and ill-provisioned, but afloat. Sergey, their host, is a "returned political," a Tsarist exile from Siberia; therefore he has some shadow of prestige. At any rate, he won't be murdered, nor will the refugees under his wing. But they may starve, of course—when they have no more personal belongings to exchange for food, or if the scarcity gets worse. Famine is always at the door; and if they do survive, one day the Government will turn them out. A country house in the possession of "left-overs"—of the "former people"—is an anomaly that can't endure; Moscow has only to get round to it.

But, meanwhile, life goes on—social, nostalgic and effete, and full of argument and speculation, as it always was. The former people have not changed, though they are now a communistic stronghold in a high tide of rugged individualism. In these good times, the leading peasants—like Timofey Obukhin, head of the non-existent Soviet, and Kukurusov, the "art patron"—have blossomed into "characters" on a prodigious scale; while at the manor-house, adversity has been a leveller. They are all tarred with the same brush; in Sergey's view, it is as though "former people" were a strange, prehistoric race, newly dug up by archaeologists.

Sergey, the gentle martyr, is too good, and they are all too civilised and non-resistant. It is a grim yet charming tale—a pageant of assorted scenes, now marginal, now vital, switching from irony to pathos and from mirth to blood, yet moving steadily to the sad end, and the atrocious footnote.

### OTHER FICTION.

In "Sundry Creditors," by Nigel Balchin (Collins; 10s. 6d.), the unit is an engineering firm. According to Gustavus Lang, they are one happy family. And old Gustavus is sincere; he is indeed a "former person," liberal, naive, with his paternal fantasies intact. Young Lawrence Spellman on the Board sneers at the profits of benevolence, and vents his heartbreak in commiseration of the factory girls, and contemplation of their legs. Jack Partridge, the new recruit to the Works Council, nurses a grim sense of inferiority—expressed by saying he is as good as anyone; and there are other Jacks, equally keen on the class war. But although Gus is something of a joke, no one dislikes him; nobody really could. Walter, his managing director, can be disliked with ease. He is Gustavus's half-brother, twenty years younger and almost perfectly inhuman. Yet he is not a money-grubber; he is a fanatic, a man of vision, getting things done by constant clamour for impossibilities, ready to wreck the business for a dream.

Gustavus dies. Walter Lang grabs for a dictatorship, and for his dream of a new era. Thwarted in open field, raging at Lawrence's father, who has blocked the way, he tries another route—and walks into a spider's web. Meanwhile, the brittle and sardonic Lawrence has had a nasty jar, and an inglorious reprieve. From sheer forlornness and neglect, Lang's daughter Rosamund has been going out with Jack, who made advances from bravado. Though both fall rapidly in love, nothing will come of it; Jack is too conscious of his "place." And at the works, nothing will be the same again. It was the "former person" who maintained the balance.

Earlier books have been more brilliant and intense; this has a wider range, and an unrivalled subtlety and smoothness.

In "This Rough Magic," by Edith Pargeter (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), the group is smaller still, and the co-operation flawless. This time the joint endeavour is a play. Partly in drink, partly to spite his wife, young Roger Stowe gets on his legs at a "town forum," and cries for more amenities in Letchford—for instance, a "live theatre." Councillor Goddard-Smith, the pillar of the powers-that-be, replies good-humouredly: "Do it yourselves." Roger takes up the challenge, and is committed. He collects his group, and starts them off upon "The Tempest"—having the bright idea of treating it as a "colonial" play, with a West Indian as Caliban. Also, they find an Ariel of genius—though as the ewe lamb of a foolish mother, he needs some licking into shape. Timmie's moral rescue is indeed a by-product; and there are others too. Roger gets back his self-esteem and his Miranda's love, while Robin Smith, crushed by a worshipped and imposing father, leaps to maturity and independence. Everyone works like mad, and the production is a huge success. Frankly, I can't believe a word of it; but it is all immensely readable and cosy.

"Five Roundabouts to Heaven," by John Bingham (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is, like his earlier book, a real thriller-with-a-difference. He has a special line in the poor fish. Last time it was the suspect; here it is Philip Bartels, the intending murderer—a gentle, frog-faced little chap, unloved in childhood, and utterly miscast as a wine salesman. He has an excellent, and in her way devoted, wife; but she was not in love with him. This rangles deep, and seeing a chance of happiness with Lorna, he decides to poison her. For it would grieve her to be left, and Barty can't endure to inflict pain. Meanwhile his friend Pete, the narrator, who is of luckier and stronger mould, resolves to cut him out. Barty's kind scheme and Pete's initial wooing take a parallel course, full of ironic twists right to the end. I won't say that the story is "like life"; but it is brilliantly suspenseful and ingenious, expertly told, and a distinct advance upon its forerunner.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

### PEERS, PENNANTS AND PERAMBULATIONS.

AS Mr. Pine points out in the rooth—and Coronation—Edition of "Burke's Peerage," there is no reason why the Queen, if she so decides, should not raise Prince Philip to the status of King of England—without Royal prerogative powers. The precedent is there in the marriage of Philip II. of Spain to Mary Tudor. Mary Tudor was, as I pointed out recently in this column, deeply in love with her Spanish husband, and determined that he should have a status as nearly equal to her own as her Tudor independence and the prejudices of her Protestant subjects would allow. By the Statute of April 2, 1554, "An Act touching the Articles of the Quenes Highnes most noble Marriage" Philip of Spain was to "have and enjoy jointly with the said most gracious Queen his Wife, the Style Honour and Kingly Name of the Realms and Dominions unto the said most noble Queen

appertaining," while the Queen herself was "admitted into the Society of the Realms and Dominions of the said most noble Prince." What has sometimes been overlooked, however, by historians was the extremely favourable nature of the settlement as far as this country was concerned. The Emperor Charles V., anxious as was his son to outflank France, was decidedly generous. Philip's son by his first marriage, the Infante Don Carlos, was to get Spain and the Indies, the Duchy of Milan, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and the other Spanish possessions in Italy. Any child of Philip and Mary was to inherit, naturally, England itself, but, in addition, Burgundy, Brabant, the Netherlands and Lower Germany. Further, if Don Carlos died and his issue failed—as indeed it did—the child of Philip and Mary, whether a son or a daughter, would inherit the whole of the dominions of the Spanish monarchy as well. Thus, if Mary had had a child, that child would have been the heir to an Empire greater even than that possessed by Charles V. himself. This rooth-cum-Coronation issue contains many interesting articles, such as that on the judicial jurisdiction of the House of Lords, an article by Philip M. Thomas on the Continental nobility, a full heraldic glossary and, perhaps most interesting of all, an article on "the study of pedigree" by the Editor himself. I am greatly taken by Mr. Pine's dry debunking of some of the ancient English pedigrees. As he rightly points out, only three English families can trace themselves in the male line from pre-Conquest families—Arden, Swinton and Berkeley—and as late (by Irish standards) as the period 1150-1200, there are still only a few to be found, i.e., Tremlett, Trafford, Orlebar, Tichborne, Pine, Plowden, Frere, Dymoke and Luttrell. The nobility of England is, by the standards of other countries, distinctly parvenu. However, the fact that, unlike the Continental nobility—where once a man is noble his descendants in the male line are always noble—only the head of the family under English law has that distinction has materially assisted in avoiding the creation of rigid castes which have been both the curse and the downfall of so many Continental nobilities.

With the whole of London bursting out into heraldic devices and with the Naval Review in the offing, Mr. H. Gresham Carr's "Flags of the World" (Warne; 42s.) could scarcely have been more timely. I recommend its immediate purchase by any librarian or by anyone who wishes to impress either their own young or visitors from overseas. You will thus be enabled to tell at a glance (if you happen to be passing Sir Winston Churchill's private residence at Chartwell) that the rather complicated flag flying over it is that of the Cinque Ports, of which he is Lord Warden, and if you go to Walmer Castle, his official residence, you will see it there too. The first of all the many plates is, rather sadly, the United Nations' flag, and the last of the thirty plates contain the flags of some of the vanished States, such as Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, and the curious and exotic green-and-white flag of United Europe. In between these pages there is a most fascinating historico-heraldic description of the origin of flags, standards and badges and everything, from Britain's Commonwealth Flags to the house-flags of shipping lines. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on the flags of the United States, and particularly the description of the "Great Union Flag" or "Cambridge Flag" hoisted at Prospect Hill on January 1, 1776, at General Washington's Headquarters. This flag has seven red and six white horizontal stripes, but what is interesting is the fact that in the first canton the British Union flag still remains. The thirteen stripes stood for the thirteen States which were revolting against the Mother Country, but the Union was retained to show that basic loyalty still existed and that Washington and his collaborators still hoped that the Colonies would not be forced to break away. It is curious to think that if the incompetent Lord George Germaine and the foolish George Grenville had not happened to be in office at the time the United States might still have been in the Empire. While on the subject of the American flags, which I found fascinating, it is curious also to recall that the Great Union Flag was exactly the same as that of the East India Company, and Mr. Gresham Carr rightly asks why it is that the Colonies chose this flag when "it was the East India

Company who tried to force the tea upon America in 1773, and thereby lit the fire which was to lose Great Britain her colonies." A book one could spend many hours poring over.

One does not have to be a spiritual follower of Belloc and Chesterton to be enthusiastic about "The Weald," by S. W. Woolridge and Frederick Goldring (Collins; 25s.). While, however, those great Sussex lovers sang the superiority of that part of the world in rolling verse or eloquent prose, the authors of this book treat the Weald from a more scientific angle—an angle which would have appealed to that first great student of the Weald, the Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne. I observe that Professor Woolridge "has made a synthesis of nature in one of the gardens of England." One cannot say fairer than that.

Less scientific, though no less interesting, is the "Derbyshire Dales," by Norman Price (Warne; 35s.). This pleasantly illustrated description of this lovely part of England would make a valuable addition to the knapsack of the hiker or the suitcase of the less strenuous holiday-maker.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS week's two brilliant games are Symphonies from the New World. The first was played by post between Trinidad and New York; the second was played at the lovely Argentine resort, Mar del Plata.

### MUZIO GAMBIT.

DR. M. G. STURM C. HARDING DR. M. G. STURM C. HARDING

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	5. Castles	P×Kt
2. P-KB4	P×P	6. Q×P	Q-B3
3. Kt-KB3	P-KKt4	7. P-K5	Q×P
4. B-B4	P-Kt5	8. P-Q3	

Is there another standard opening in which either party sacrifices a whole piece? White has good prospects in the "Muzio"; to offset the material deficit, he is at least three moves ahead in development.

9. Kt-B3	8. B-R3	12. K-R1	P-Q4
10. QB×P	P-QB3	13. Q×BPch	K-Q1
11. Q-R5!	Q×B	14. QR-K1	B-Q2
	Q-Q5ch		



An inexperienced player as White might become nervous about now: he is two pieces down, the threatened mate has been defended and the black pawns set up—apparently—an impenetrable barrier in the middle. A master will have been far too interested in calculating all the variations to be nervous; moreover, his next move is so wholly logical that he might hardly have noticed that it sets him three pieces down now. At all costs Black must be denied the time he is praying for—just one move's respite, to get another piece into play.

The second game has the negative virtue that the loser gave a somewhat better account of himself. QUEEN'S GAMBIT, SLAV GAMBIT ACCEPTED.

M. NAJDORF	V. OJANEN	M. NAJDORF	V. OJANEN
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	5. P-K4	P-QKt4
2. P-Q4	P-QB3	6. P-K5	Kt-Q4
3. Kt-KB3	P-Q4	7. P-QR4	B-Kt2
4. Kt-B3	P×P	8. P-K6!	

The first stroke of real inspiration. If Black captures or allows P×BPch, he becomes terribly weak on the king's file. So he decides to by-pass: but how that white pawn cramps his game!

9. P-KKt3	8. P-B3	13. Q-K2	P-KB4
10. B-R3	Kt-R3	14. P×P	Kt×Kt
11. Castles	P-Kt3	15. P×Kt	P×P
12. Kt-R4	Castles	16. B-B4	

There's a smell of doom in the appearance of this terrible raking bishop.

17. Q-K5	16. Q-Kt3	19. Q×KtP	Q×Q
18. KR-Kt1	R-Kt1	20. R×Q	Resigns

Suddenly realising his utter helplessness against the threat of 21. R×Kt, B×R; 22. R-Kt8 mate. If 20... Kt-B2; 21. R-B5... Oh, dear!

Company who tried to force the tea upon America in 1773, and thereby lit the fire which was to lose Great Britain her colonies." A book one could spend many hours poring over.





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National Competition of Venetian Popular Songs  
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Symphony Concerts in the Ducal Palace (July)

Exhibition of French Tapestries in the Palazzo Grassi  
(July 12th - September 20th)

XIVth International Film Festival  
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XVth International Festival of Contemporary Music  
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XIVth International Theatre Festival  
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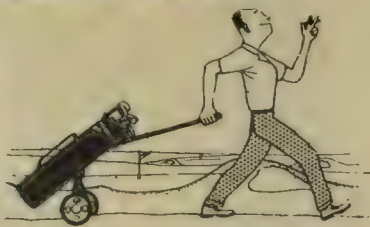
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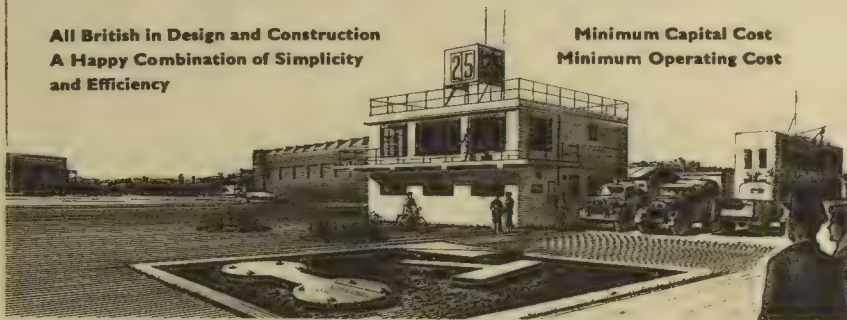


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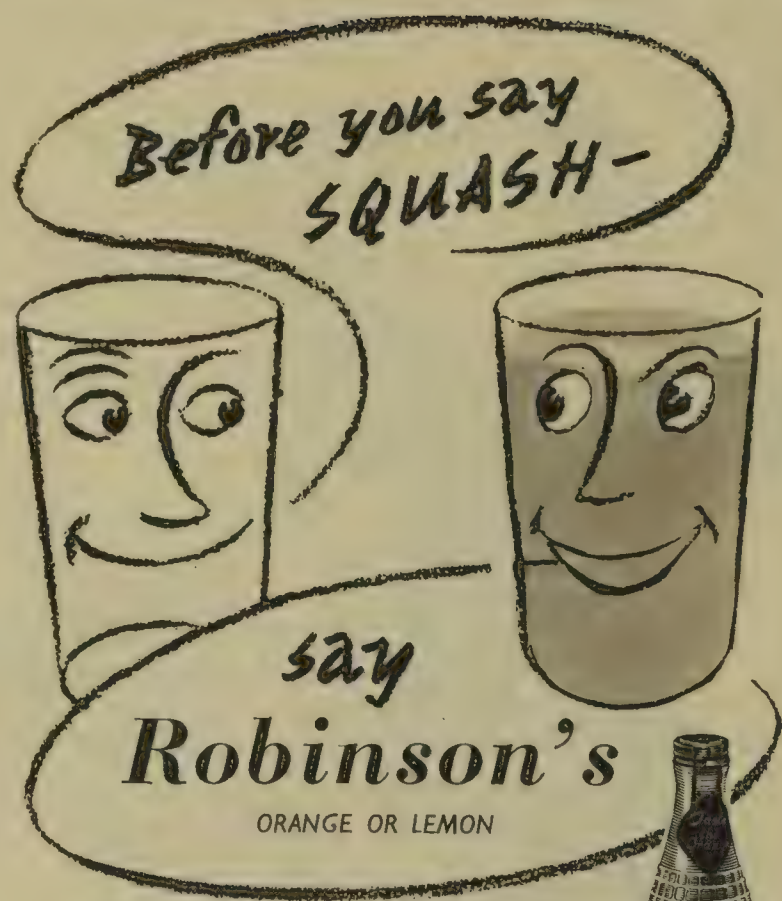
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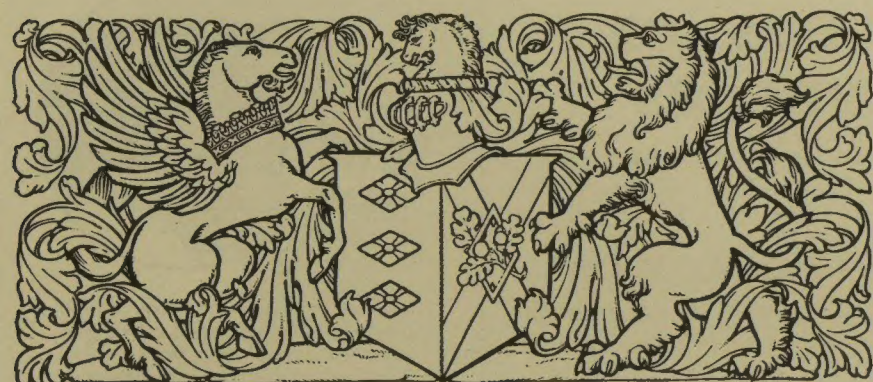
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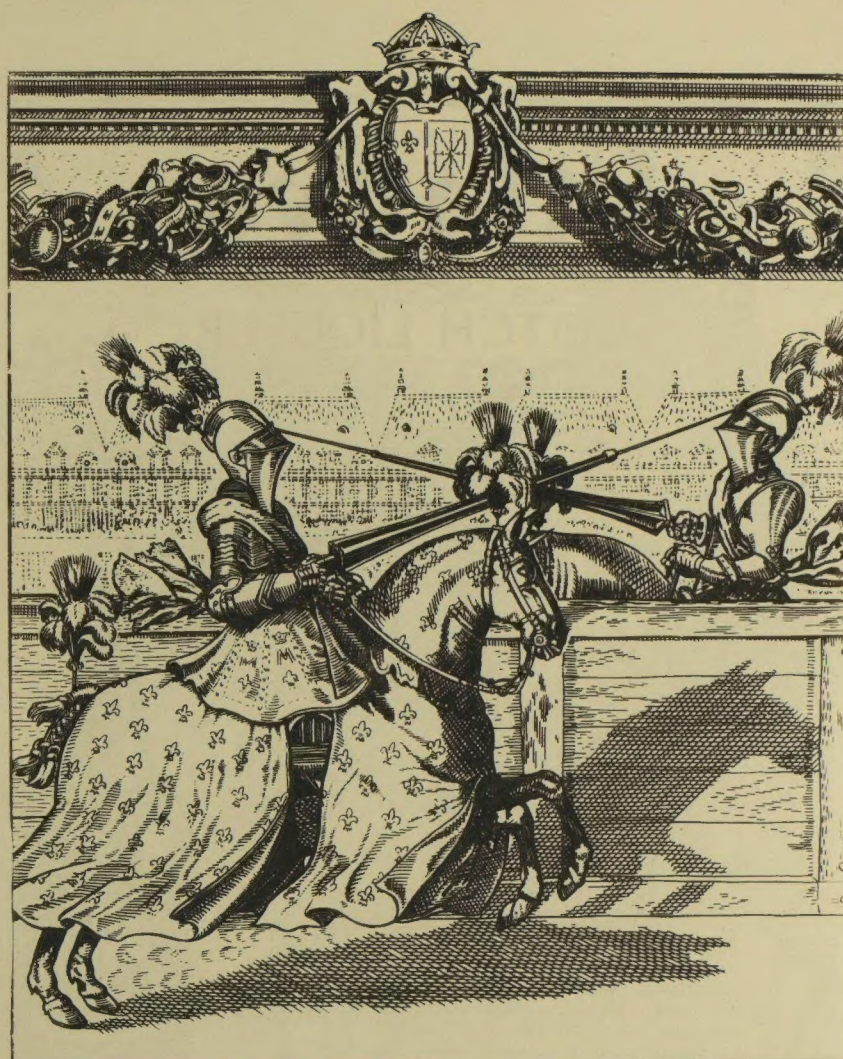
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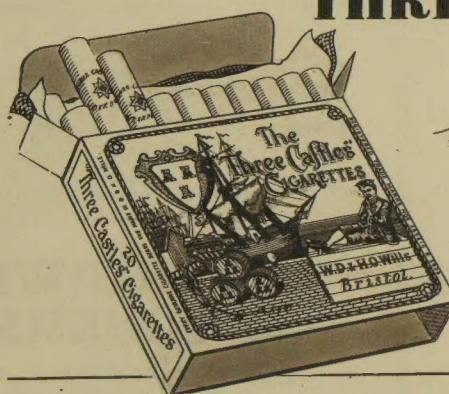


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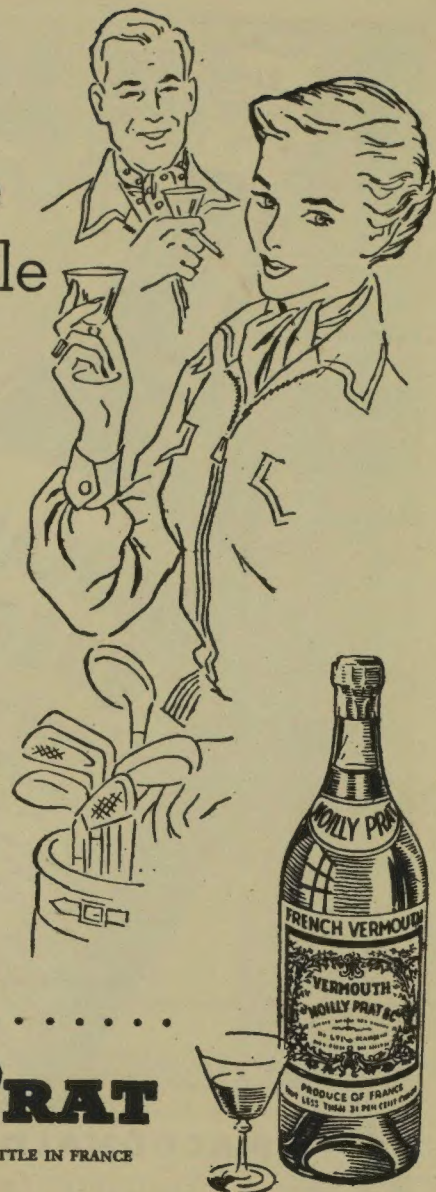
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# This England . . .



Willy Lott's cottage in the Constable country  
(seen in the "Hay Wain," etc.)

"SOON ripe, soon rotten" is a scrap of country wisdom that does indeed apply to more than fruit. One sees the truth of it in many a man. John Constable, who immortalized a part of our English countryside, did his best work at near his fiftieth year — yet he was at his painting since a child. This slow maturing, like those Suffolk landscapes, is typically English — and you are thereby drawn to it. If, for example, you did not already know, you might guess that it is the patient, unhurried working to maturity that makes your Bass and Worthington such rich delights — to you as to the men of Constable's day.